New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LX · No. 1529 SATURDAY · 2 JULY 1960 NINEPENCE

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Why Zorin Walked Out

ACCORDING to the West, the Russians broke off the disarmament negotiations rather than find excuses for rejecting the new western proposals. The Soviet explanation is that they had had enough of endless procrastination. What is known is that the Communist delegations agreed to the western insistence on an elaborate inspection system, provided it was accompanied by radical disarmament; the western powers, on the other hand, were determined to see an inspection system working properly before they were willing to consider detailed disarmament. The Russians made several concessions to the West since the conference resumed after the Summit. The West was very slow in responding. When Britain and France succeeded in extracting some concessions from the US, the Russians had already decided to call it a day.

Interpretations of Russian motives are guesswork; it seems to us likely that present fluctuations of the Kremlin's policy are, like those of the West, occasioned mainly by internal strains and stresses. In any case, it is criminal folly not to work on the assumption that Krushchev wants a creative policy of co-existence, which he continues to advocate in the face of some Communist criticism and for which he may even be willing to risk good relations with Peking. Yet, from a mixture of fear, insecurity, scepticism and even perhaps laziness, the US has signally failed to meet his challenge. It is probably because Kruchchev is the warmest advocate of co-existence among his colleagues that he cannot accept being ignored indefinitely by the West.

Hence the paradox that, while at Bucharest Krushchev was able to keep the other Communist states to the co-existence line, an instruction (it seems clear) was at the very same time being drafted to Mr Zorin ordering him to withdraw from the Disarmament Conference. Krushchev, in other words, showed himself prepared to appear tough – thus, he might calculate, impressing doubters and rivals at home and shaking up the complacency of his negotiating opponents in the West; but so far he has employed this tactic only in a sphere where his long-term objective of competitive co-existence is not fundamentally jeopardised. He had already decided that he could do no more business with the US under the present administration. As at the Summit (when he saw he would make no progress about Berlin), so in this case he was sure that he would reach no fundamental agreement with the West on general disarmament. He may thus have thought it no more harm to insult one of Eisenhower's representatives at Geneva than to insult Eisenhower himself in Paris. He may even think that he is thus improving the chances of a Democratic victory in November. One of his debating points with the enemies of a continued policy of co-existence inside the Soviet bloc is that a new US administration would probably be more inclined to negotiate than the Republicans.

The real index of Soviet intentions, however, may be the Nuclear Weapons Test Conference, for here an agreement is still within grasp and the advantages to Russia of a test treaty would be considerable. One result might be to prevent China from embarking on a test programme. The cheap, small H-bomb would stay unborn. The conclusion of a treaty, and even more the establishment of the agreed inspection posts, would be a real victory for rational diplomacy and co-existence. Mr Krushchev's antics in Paris and Mr Zorin's discourtesy in Geneva would be swiftly forgotten. But if, on the other hand, Krushchev now orders Mr Tsarapkin as well to flounce out of the conference room, it will be clear that the cold war chieftains have won the day. The fault would be in Washington as much as in Moscow. And we may soon be looking back with unavailing remorse and regret from the icy peaks of international tension to the opportunities of negotiation which were missed between Mr Macmillan's visit to Moscow and the spring of this year.

Comments on the Week's News

Cyprus

A Settlement at Last?

Our Commonwealth Correspondent comments: It looks as if the long quibbling over the establishment of the Cypriot Republic is drawing to an end this week. The single factor which appears to have brought Britain to the point of settlement is the revolution in Turkey. This event has forced the government to realise the dangers of playing politics in this area and to hasten its willingness to reach a settlement. For months now Mr Amery, who has spent almost the whole year in Cyprus, has known clearly the principles on which Archbishop Makarios was making his stand. The first is that the British bases shall revert to the Cypriot Republic once Britain decides to leave them. On this point the Archbishop has been strongly supported by the Greek government, who fear that a British withdrawal without such a guarantee might let in Turkey to the island. The other issues are less important, but all have their significance to Cypriots. They consist of a form of agreement on the day-to-day administration of the base areas; the delimitation of the areas themselves; and the amount of economic aid. The argument that acceptance of the Cypriot case on these points would be an infringement of British sovereignty is obviously invalid when it is recognised that the bases can be of value only if Britain has the consent and friendship of the Cypriot people. The long delay which has resulted from quibbling about all this has in fact benefited only the Communists, who have been able to play upon growing unemployment and at least partly to dissipate the enthusiasm amongst Cypriots for the approach of the new Republic. The government's inept handling of the negotiations is particularly deplorable at a time when relations between Cypriots and British and between Greek Cypriots and Turks are far better than anyone had the right to expect after the hostility which developed during emergency. The quicker this agreement is now formally concluded and the Republic established, the better the chance of preserving the valuable friendship between Cyprus and Britain.

New York

Kennedy's Bandwagon

Robert Bendiner reports: The point has been reached where John F. Kennedy seems so close to having the Democratic nomination in his hands that waverers and even those who have regarded him coolly are rushing to his side for fear he might win the day without them. Hardly a week passes without a declaration of fresh support from some intellectual celebrity or politician or trade union chief, and practically no one says an unkind word about him any more except Republicans.

The variety of Kennedy's new adherents is a tribute to his strength and also to his tactical skill in the pre-convention campaign, which has been impressive to say the least. But there is a restraint about their attachment that recalls none of the devotion enjoyed by either Roosevelt or Stevenson. A group of distinguished eggheads-for-Kennedy – including Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr and John K. Galbraith of Harvard, Henry Steele Commager, the historian, and Joseph L. Rauh, a leader of Americans for Democratic Action – made it almost embarrassingly plain that the Senator was their man only because they were convinced that Stevenson was beyond the reach of prayer. For Rauh, who had worked enthusiastically for Humphrey in a series of disastrous primaries, Kennedy was in fact third choice.

Even so, the veering of the intellectuals was a study in fervour compared to the reluctant rallying in other quarters. New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner plunged in with a bland declaration for the Senator after having 'reviewed the field' and concluded at last that Kennedy had the qualifications and the popular appeal. 'I believe he can win the nomination,' Wagner added, and it was undoubtedly this last conviction that moved Tammany leader DeSapio, state party chairman Prendergast, and former Governor Harriman to go along. All three had had at least a foot in the camp of Senator Stuart Symington. From Stevenson's home state come reports that the same sort of hard-headed appraisal is being made by Chicago's professional Democrats, with Jacob Arvey, a 'kingmaker' who has been none too friendly to Kennedy, conceding that his nomination is virtually assured. Governor Williams of Michigan is on the bandwagon, and in California, which will have a delegation second in size only to New York's, Governor Brown has allowed himself to be quoted as 'leaning' toward the Senator from Massachusetts.

The luke-warm nature of some of these late conversions is not a reflection on Kennedy's attractiveness as a candidate so much as an indication of his effectiveness. To those who supported him for his personally winning ways he has now added those who are impressed with his politically winning ways. Much has been said about Kennedy's free expenditure of funds in pursuit of the nomination, but without a much greater investment of energy and sheer astuteness it is likely that his money would have proved to be less of a blessing than a boomerang.

If Kennedy is not an emotional liberal of the Humphrey sort, he is none the less convinced that the place for a Democratic presidential candidate is slightly left of centre; that if the country wants a middle-of-the-road executive, not to mention a conservative, it will take him from the Republican Party, which furnishes a four-year guarantee. It is significant on this score that he has gone out of his way to court the endorsement of New York's Liberal Party, which is anathema to the very Democratic leaders who have been in his corner from the start. As a rule, the Democratic presidential nominee offers a formal nod to this local third party some time in the fall of an election year, feeling that it has little choice but to accept him as its candidate as well. Kennedy not only took the unprecedented step of wooing it *before* the conventions, but pledged it 'a liberalism which reaches beyond the era of the New and Fair Deals to the problems of a new age.' What is more, he all but boasted to its leaders that he would go to Los Angeles without a single southern delegate committed to him and hoped to win the nomination without a single southern vote. It is true that he could offer this assurance solely because of the candidacy of Lyndon Johnson of Texas, who as a native son is naturally the South's first choice. But if he was ready to turn that inadvertent fact to his advantage, one could at least admire the display of political technique. Indeed, there are some who feel that after eight years of high-minded unprofessionalism a keen politician in the White House might do the country and the world a bit of good.

Paris

Progress on Algeria

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The first stage of the Franco-Algerian talks at Melun outside Paris was completed last Wednesday. Ahmed Boumandjel, on whom the FLN have bestowed what they describe as the 'outstanding distinction' of opening the conversations, is well known in Paris society. A lawyer and formerly a deputy and a councillor of the French Union, he has for long been held in high regard by all who have had occasion to do business with him. The range of his friends extends from Jacques Soustelle to Francois Mauriac, and in left-wing circles it is always remembered that Boumandjel was the one Algerian politician who spoke up during the occupation against the Vichy anti-Jewish laws. He had been separated from his French friends since 1957, when he rejoined the FLN in Tunis after his brother had 'committed suicide' in Algiers while under interrogation by the paratroops. The Algerian provisional government could not have found a better representative for this first contact.

After the opening meetings at Melun, both sides displayed a qualified optimism, and it is already accepted as unlikely that the journey to France of Ferhat Abbas, Krim Belkacem and Ben Tobal, who together with Boumandjel constitute the official delegation for the main negotiations, will now founder on preliminary technical difficulties. In a few days time, probably next week, the delegates will reach the heart of the problem – the cease fire and the plans for the referendum on self-determination. Meanwhile Boumandjel's arrival has attracted a great deal of attention in the French press. Nowhere has he been presented as a bloodthirsty outlaw guilty of organising rebellion against the authority of France. He is accepted and welcomed as if he were the qualified representative of a foreign power come to negotiate honourably with the plenipotentiaries of France. The public seems to have taken little notice of this sudden change of atmosphere, and it has passed without comment that the press increasingly seldom uses inverted commas when speaking of the provisional government of the Algerian Republic and its ministers. At the cinema, Ferhat Abbas has been getting rounds of applause when he has appeared in the newsreels reading his historic declaration accepting the invitation to Paris. If one adds to these superficial indications, the declarations which have been made by trade unions of every political colour in favour of a negotiated peace in Algeria, one has a complete and pretty accurate picture: metropolitan France is united in desiring an end to the war in Algeria and is wholeheartedly behind the present talks. M. Soustelle's remarks in the German newspaper *Frankfurter Rundschau* on the likelihood of a revolt which could bring about de Gaulle's resignation can be

dismissed as an isolated instance of wishful thinking.

Any dangerous threat to the negotiations, therefore, lies outside France itself. In Algeria all is quiet on the surface, and the Algerian National Front is ostensibly concerned only with enrolling new members. There are, however, a number of disturbing signs that the organisation is being helped in this by French officers. If the Front is justified in its boast that it already has 10,000 Moslem members, that in itself proves that some elements of the army are collaborating with it – the army is the only body powerful enough to influence and mobilise the backwoods Moslems. It is true that the government has this time taken precautions against a new plot by forbidding all public meetings on Algerian soil and placing under surveillance a selected list of personalities of the far right, including Generals Salon and Zeller. It remains to be seen whether these measures will be properly applied and whether, in the case of a flare up, these people would not find the same means as Soustelle did last time of getting back to Algeria.

Planning

The Housing Jungle

A Special Correspondent comments: When the government's Town and Country Planning Bill was published in November 1958 we wrote that its operation would create difficulties in making any rational use of land or 'to impose any real control upon piecemeal development. For the law of the market will prevail in both the private and public sectors'. This has now come about. Speculators are making vast fortunes; the owners of even the scruffiest plots of land have the silver spoon more firmly in their mouths than ever. As prices rocket there is a growing sense of public outrage in and around expanding British cities, a sense which the Shadow Chancellor recognised soon after the election, and of which Mr Gaitskell is now clearly aware.

While the detailed origins of the present situation are complex, the essence of the crisis is simple. There is a limited supply of land and abounding demand for it, a demand greater than anyone foresaw a decade ago when development plans were drawn up. This is particularly true of the London and Midland conurbations. Land in Surrey, as a result, which in 1952 fetched £1,500 an acre now costs £8,000. In the Home Counties in the past six months the price of houses has leaped some £600.

Builders, local authorities and private individuals wanting a place to live, struggle in a free market that has become a jungle.

Landowners are scarcely to be blamed for taking every advantage of the high prices they are offered for property scheduled for development. The speculator plays a more sinister role. He may buy land in the hope it will be scheduled for development and then hedge his bet by bringing great pressure to bear on planning officers or, especially, planning committees to try and ensure that his land is scheduled for development. As prices soar, so do the temptations to corruption.

A few far-sighted Tories recognise that if the scandal continues a campaign to nationalise land would attract a large following, and they have suggested a capital gains tax on land profits. But this touches only the fringe of the problem. Essentially the Ministry of Housing and Local Government must act, as it did in the Labour government, as a ministry of planning, and reappraise the shape and scale of development.

This the Labour party should urge. It should also urge the reintroduction of the development charge, whereby the increase in land value created by public planning would belong to the community. The charge, however, should be not 100 per cent, as in 1947-51, but 75 per cent. It should also revive another recommendation of the 1942 Uthwatt Report: that local authorities should be able to buy land at its existing use value – agricultural land, for example – and then lease it to private agencies at a rent reflecting its value in its new use. This profit which would now go to landowners and speculators, would then benefit the community. Land use is now an important political issue.

Oil

Russians on the Move

Our Economic Correspondent comments: The recent Russian offer of oil and machines to Cuba may be the first small breeze which presages a storm. It comes after similar offers to India and Abyssinia earlier last month, which (according to the *Daily Telegraph*) led the British Ambassador in Addis Ababa to warn the emperor about the risk of economic enslavement through the agency of Soviet aid.

In point of fact Russian sales more likely represent the first fruits of the new economic policy which tries to allocate investment resources rationally. This policy relies on a device not unlike the rate of interest, which gives due weight to the cost of capital. In consequence Russian fuel and power policy has been revolutionised. Instead of relying on huge hydro-electric installations, the Russians are beginning to develop their natural gas and oil-fields.

They are even building pipelines to bring oil towards the centres of consumption and to the thermal electric stations. At the moment it looks as if they have a surplus not merely in heavy oils, which they always had, but also in the lighter varieties. This will give them an extremely favourable opportunity of establishing competitive markets in the areas outside the existing international ring. For instance India, where oil in quantity seems to have been discovered, is hardly likely to pay the artificially high Gulf price if she can obtain Russian oil; and the risk of losing this source as Russian internal demand overtakes supply has been much lessened by the new domestic discovery.

Altogether it is beginning to appear as if the oil-market (and the great Anglo-American companies which represent such an important aid to the balances of payments of their countries) are in for a rather troubled period. If the West now wakes up to the reality of the Soviet industrial challenge, this short-term loss could represent in the long run a substantial gain.

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Westminster

Cash for the Boys

J. P. W. Mallalieu writes: Talk of undertones might seem out of place in this week's vigorous and, at times, riotous debate on the government's proposal to denationalise the steel firm of Richard Thomas and Baldwins. With Mr Fred Lee comparing the carve-up to the sacking of the monasteries or to the activities of Dick Turpin – 'except that the latter had the decency to wear a mask' – with Messrs George Brown and James Callaghan taking pot shots at Mr Richard Wood, the Minister – and, so it seemed, at the Speaker – from sedentary positions on the Opposition front bench, and with Dr Charles Hill happily exchanging custard pies instead of arguments, the overtones appeared dominant. But no.

When the Labour Parliamentary Committee planned this debate, it knew that two days later the party would be asked for the first time in history to pass a vote of confidence in its leader. Clearly if Mr Hugh Gaitskell could make an effective speech on Monday about such a naturally unifying subject, he would rally waverers to him for Wednesday. Perhaps even Mr Shinwell's delicately poised motion that Gaitskell's leadership be not discussed at the present time would be swept ignominously away. Government supporters were as aware as anyone else of these nice calculations and punctuated their speeches with reference to Clause Four, party unity and kindred topics. Gaitskell, however, smilingly fended off these genial taunts and delivered an attack which devastated the government and landed himself on firmer ground than any he has touched in recent months.

The undertones, however, were by no means only on Labour's side. Fred Lee had pin-pointed Labour's attack on the government proposal with the one word: Why? By every test – of profits, of output, of expanding capacity, of good labour relations – Richard Thomas and Baldwins, under public ownership, had served the nation well. Why, then, sell it back to private shareholders? To this continually repeated question, Richard Wood gave two answers – first, that the Conservatives had won three elections running; and, secondly, that it would be easier to exercise public control over the steel industry if the whole of it was in private hands.

Gaitskell pointed out that other steel firms which had been denationalised had so far paid out some £20m a year more to private shareholders in dividends than they had had to pay out in interest to compensation stock holders before denationalisation and that, further, since denationalisation the private shareholders had made a capital profit of £300m on an expenditure of only £130m. The main reason for the government's proposal, said Gaitskell, was to provide further pickings for private shareholders. Mr Gerald Nabarro wholly agreed with Gaitskell. As a genuine and uninhibited Tory, Nabarro believes that it is right for profits to go, not to the state, but to individuals. He glories, too, in the idea of individuals collecting tax-free capital gains. This is Tory philosophy. But Wood, unlike Nabarro, is a minister who has to temper the truth with consideration for the Conservative Central Office.

So while Nabarro had his usual whale of a time at the expense of everyone, poor Wood had to prevaricate, an operation for which by upbringing and conscience he is wholly unsuited. Mr Roy Jenkins, in a perfect cameo of a speech, followed Wood immediately and

virtually ended the debate. Only two undertones still remained – that the private steel masters, who had spent more than £500,000 on pre-election Conservative propaganda, naturally wanted their reward; and that a party so hostile to nationalisation would be embarrassed if its own government left even one steel company in public hands and so showed how successful nationalisation could be. Gaitskell brought both these points to the surface and described the whole procedure as squalid. But the procedure is not squalid. It is just Tory. What is squalid is that the government honestly believes in the real reasons for its procedure, but has not the guts to say so.

Fleet Street

The Lords on the Press

Francis Williams writes: It seems a pity that, having decided to debate the press last week, the House of Lords did not make a better job of it. It was, as the *Guardian* Parliamentary Correspondent remarked, 'a confusing affair to any journalist, noble or otherwise, who seeks to mend his ways'. But although the Lords debate was a disappointing affair, it would be a mistake for Fleet Street to ignore it.

It is easy enough, as the *Mail* did, to sneer at Lord Arran for saying that the press had never been more unpopular than it is today by the rejoinder that 'by the only test of "popularity", circulation, the press has never stood higher in popular esteem'. But that does not get away from the fact that a large part of the popular press is disliked and distrusted even by those who read it. Not all the dislike or distrust is deserved. A good deal of it percolates down, no doubt, from people who dislike popular newspapers because, at their best, they stand outside the closed conventions of established authority. There is a good deal of vested interest in the denigration of the popular press because, with all its faults, it often expresses exasperations and irritations which are annoying to the well-meaning dispensers of official benevolence and upsetting to the tenets of bureaucratic tidiness. But when this is said, it also remains the case that it is not only members of the House of Lords who find a good deal of mass journalism shallow, malicious, biased and unreliable. It is significant that, although the ennobling of newspaper proprietors is now part of the British way of life, not one of the ennobled was prepared to stand up and defend his trade at any time in the long debate. Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Rothermere, Lord Layton, Lord Camrose, Lord Burnham and Lady Astor of Hever were all silent. As an example of proprietorial modesty, this was touching. But is self-effacement the best way of meeting criticism?

'We want', said one peer, striking out as a phrasemaker, 'liberty not licence'; and he proposed to get it by licensing all journalists. This indeed was an idea that attracted several of their Lordships. Lord Silkin wanted tests of education and experience before a licence was granted; Lord Fortescue thought there should be licences renewable every 12 months, with endorsements like a driving licence. All such proposals fail to understand the most fundamental fact about journalism – that it must by its nature be a completely open profession if it is to make sense. Apart from the question of who is to issue the licences and according to what standards, the only press that is worth having is one in which every kind of attitude and opinion can have some hope of expressing itself. The sort of obligations and controls imposed upon their members by professional bodies such as the Bar Council, the Law Society and the General Medical Council are simply not applicable to the journalist in the same form. This does not mean that the journalist ought not to be governed by standards of professional integrity, morally no less mandatory than those of the barrister, the solicitor or the doctor. But these cannot be formally imposed, if only because journalism must always be free to recruit men and women of diverse experience through many different doors, and ought always to be ready to encourage the rebellious and the unorthodox. Of course the journalistic organisations themselves can do something, and the National Union of Journalists, with its code of ethics, is already trying to do so. But the best safeguards must be in the calibre of the people attracted to the job. In this, and particularly in the provision of training schemes and the effort to recruit in an intelligently planned way able young men and women from the schools and universities, the newspaper industry is still far behind most others.

We need also, I am sure, much more regular public criticism of newspapers. Newspapers are themselves the great critics. They get far too little constant, informed and literate criticism of their own activities. And I think that those peers who urged a widening of the Press Council were on solid ground. By and large the Press Council has proved more courageous, and possibly more effective, than most of its original critics, including myself, believed it would be.

But it suffers from the great weakness that under its present constitution the press is the sole judge in its own case. The other party to the compact, the public, is not represented at all. When the Royal Commission on the Press reported, it recommended a Press Council under an independent lay chairman and with lay members representing about 20 per cent of the whole. This was rejected by the newspaper proprietors, whose views were accepted by a Conservative government which was anxious not to endorse anything newspaper proprietors did not like. But the press would, I think, be looking to its own best interests, as well as those of the public, if it now returned to the original Royal Commission recommendations.

Dollars and Roubles in Asia

DOES anyone seriously believe that Eisenhower's Asian visit was a success and that the anti-American riots in Japan were induced by a lavish expenditure of Russian and Chinese money? The truth is obviously less simple. American military and economic power in Japan is absolute. Yet, short of dropping yet another nuclear bomb on Hiroshima, the President of the United States could not, it seems, set foot in Tokyo. What then does power mean? It used to be said that you could do anything with bayonets except sit on them. Today you can do nothing with nuclear bombs except create a calculable number of megadeaths.

I need not labour this point. The story of twice-defeated Germany; the revolution in Turkey, supposedly the most reliable of American allies; the upheaval in South Korea, an American puppet state since the war ten years ago – all these prove that power does not convert nations, though modern weapons may destroy them. Krushchev has grasped this fact and is now trying, so far vainly, to persuade the Chinese that the final war between capitalism and Communism is an ideological luxury that need not be deduced from Leninist texts. The Pentagon may also be converted to Krushchev's view by recent events. If bombs don't convert, America must rely on dollars and ideas.

Krushchev would not indulge in this damaging argument with Mao, if he did not believe that the future of Communism is at stake. Whatever his other misdeeds and prevarications, he is certainly sincere in saying that 'our supreme aim is to make Socialism, as practised by the Soviet Union, the economic system of the whole world', and in adding: 'We declare war upon the US in the peaceful field of trade.' In short the correct Communist weapon is the rouble plus the propaganda that goes with it.

In this peaceful war the Soviet Union starts with great initial advantages. These must be honestly faced if we are to understand why the vast American expenditure on foreign aid seems to have much less political impact than the smaller sum spent by the Soviet Union. In the five years between mid-1954 and mid-1959, Sino-Soviet aid to 20 countries totalled 2.7 billion dollars, three-quarters of which was economic. In the same period, the same 20 countries received 5.3 billion dollars of economic aid from the US. Thus, taking account only of those countries where there is direct competition between American and Communist aid, Washington gives more than twice what the Communists contribute.

Russia's first advantage is to have a philosophy about backward areas. Moscow is not merely fighting a trade war. Mr Krushchev agrees with the Americans that rivalry in aid to the less developed peoples is the form that war between Communism and capitalism now takes; that technology is uniting the world and that the claim of national sovereignty, still made by more than 80 nations, is out of date. But America has no clear theory how to create One World out of the three great groups into which it is now divided. Every Communist child, on the other hand, is told that world unity is inevitable; that nearly half the world is now Communist and that when the undeveloped areas have been won over by the Communists, America and her satellites will be isolated and – peacefully or otherwise – overwhelmed. Americans, bringing aid, have no such clarity of aim. They may hope to save the world from Communism or raise the standard of living of impoverished people; some, incidentally, hope to improve their own standard of living. But the Russians in Asia are dedicated, indoctrinated and disciplined.

The Communist bloc has the advantage of being able to act swiftly and decisively as a unit, offering aid where it is most wanted and where it will earn the most gratitude and influence. It can switch to Iceland, Burma and Egypt and cut off Yugoslavia, Israel and Japan if it desires to reward or punish. This contrasts with the contradictions and conflicts within the western camp. It must be added, as a factor understood much more readily in Djakarta and Rangoon than in London or Washington, that the fluctuations of world prices may, at a stroke, wipe out the benefits of capitalist aid, while Soviet barter agreements are not similarly affected. It is not America's fault that the value of the primary products which the West buys from underdeveloped areas fell between 1956 and 1958 by seven per cent, while the value of the industrial products sold to these areas increased by five per cent. But it is easy for the Communists to argue that the West takes away all that it gives.

Next, let us turn to the psychological impact of foreign aid. The Communists have been denouncing colonialism and imperialism ever since the first world war; Asians have long been conditioned to assume that Russia stands for anti-colonialism, while aid from the West can only be given for imperialist reasons. The new Asian nations exist because the Japanese ignominiously threw out the British, Dutch and French from Malaya, Burma, Indonesia and Viet Nam. Only the British were quick enough to realise that the nationalist movements in her former colonies would not tolerate a return to their former status. America started with an anti-imperialist reputation in Asia and fulfilled its democratic promises to the Philippines. Abraham Lincoln and Roosevelt were heroic names, symbols of liberation and democracy.

Washington threw away this advantage by backing Chiang Kai-shek, while the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were regarded all over Asia as proofs that Americans thought Asian lives of no account. The US unnecessarily took upon itself the mantle of imperialism. It is broadly true that wherever in Asia the new forces of nationalism were supported by the West, the result was to create independent and anti-Communist governments, whereas in China and North Viet Nam, where the imperialists supported the old regimes, nationalism was submerged in Communism.

Again, the new nationalism demanded not only freedom from foreign occupation and domination, but also plans to increase living standards which would in time be comparable with those of the West. It took the West a long time to realise that the new regimes would welcome foreign investment only insofar as it would increase their own prosperity and independence, and that they would not be satisfied with gifts, which might feed some hungry bellies but not help the planning of a Socialist economy. Aid in Asia necessarily involves a degree of state planning that in the US would be called Socialism.

Colonialism is inseparably associated in the minds of colonial people with racial discrimination. Indeed, with subjugation and slavery. This is Russia's strongest card everywhere. Every news item about Little Rock, racial riots in Notting Hill or Bantu repression in South Africa is worth more to the Communists than a fleet of bombers. Every westerner in Asia who shows that he regards Asians as wogs or natural inferiors is a Communist agent.

Thousands of Asians now go to the USSR annually; many of them come away disillusioned about freedom in Moscow, but they are never humiliated or made to feel inferior. In Soviet Central Asia, the Asian visitor finds himself at home; in Tashkent or Turkestan, he learns that Soviet peoples are encouraged to develop their national traditions, even if they have lost their political independence. They are necessarily impressed by the discovery of people very like themselves, who only a few years ago lived in primitive conditions, but who are now creating a vast new industrial civilisation.

Similarly, when Russians go to Asian countries, they do not find a standard of living very different from their own. They do not talk as if they were outsiders engaged in charitable works, but as fellow victims of capitalism. It would not even occur to them to complain of the food or accommodation, and many of them have learnt to speak fluently in Asian languages. In that witty and serious book, *The Ugly American*, it is suggested that every American about to serve in Asia should have similar linguistic and ascetic qualifications. Here indeed we enter upon a field of the utmost difficulty for Americans. Even the most devoted and unselfish of them take it for granted that their exile is to be brief and that, while it lasts, they will still live on specially imported food in a house with hot water, a bath, a lavatory and other basic western amenities.

In one Asian country where America is particularly active, a European expert remarked to me that Americans are so 'aseptically conditioned' that if they ever do take a meal with Asian friends, they are apt to be physically ill; they must have the right drink and packaged food from America to be able to live in Asia. In Nepal, one of the most understanding of American women I have met in Asia told me that she was a bit ashamed at receiving a 25 per cent 'hardship allowance'. She had all American comforts in her home in Khatmandu. The only hardship about living in Nepal was that it is a long way from America; if anything went wrong with her family in the US, it would take her several days to get there. A Russian would not expect to go home or to be paid extra for not being able to do so.

Americans carry their way of life with them. They talk as if it were an ideal for which all mankind yearns. Insofar as it means more food and a better house, they are perfectly right. But much of the life they regard as good seems to many Buddhists and Hindus actively evil. A Burmese, who returned after a year in the United States, remarked that he felt sorry for the Americans; they spent all this money on people like himself, but the more he saw of the American way of life, the less he liked it. The bookstalls in Singapore, Rangoon and Djarkarta are stacked high with propagandist literature, some subsidised by the Americans, the rest by the Com-

munists. The Communist literature describes the West as decadent and immoral; a world in which the rich batten on the poor, coloured people are treated as dirt, and governments prepare for war against the Communists and colonial races.

How much of this is read and believed, I don't know. But side by side with the Communist pamphlets, brightly jacketted and attractive American literature precisely confirms Communist propaganda. Here are wonderful pictures of the Hollywood world; advertisements for hotels and clothes, which obviously only the well-off can afford, lie side by side with photographs of strikers being clubbed, and Africans being jailed or flogged. Good western propaganda would show slums being pulled down and black and white children going to school together.

Scarcely less impressive are the pages of letterpress and pictures showing half-naked women, which most Asians think disgusting, and describing the intrigues and divorces which confirm their view that family life, which they revere, is breaking up. Next are columns of sex and violence, still horrible to almost all Asians, and stories of the apparently insoluble quarrels between the capitalist powers who, they learn from very full descriptions of new American armaments, are apparently taking for granted a future war against the Soviet Union, which they believe to be everywhere advocating world peace and disarmament. *Time* and *Life* magazines are the perfect Marxist textbooks of our age.

Nothing has done the West more harm than Dulles's assumption, supported, it must be admitted, by countless Congress speeches, that the chief reason for giving aid was military. I recall a conversation with a Middle-Eastern dictator who complained that he was starved of arms from the West. What, I asked, did he want them for? To fight against the Jews, he replied, and, of course, their western imperialist allies: both had to be driven from the Arab world. It never remotely entered his head that his country would be involved in war against the Russians, much as he disliked Communism. The evil he *knew* was western imperialism. What small country would voluntarily enter an alliance which could only lead to its becoming a battle-ground?

The Indonesians promptly threw out a Foreign Minister who made a bargain to accept American military aid, and the Burmese, who have been fighting Communism for 12 years, refused all American help when 'economic aid' became 'military assistance'. Nehru has been widely criticised in America for his policy of non-alignment, but no Indian government could have entered into any military arrangement which might again have involved India in a world war such as Britain had twice forced upon India without as much as by your leave.

Summing all this up, we may say that the Communist appeal to Asian countries has sounded like this: 'We were a nation of poor, exploited peasants like you only a generation ago; we hired the machinery and technical instruction we needed from America. We rid ourselves of this aid as soon as we could and we are now the technical equals of the Americans. We do not offer you injections of money and food, which would be quickly used up, leaving you as poor as you were before. We offer you aid to make your nation independent and self-confident. No obligations are attached. We offer our aid cheap so that you can become strong and, in the long run, rich by your own efforts – as we shall be when we don't have to waste any more money defending ourselves against the imperialists'.

If the under-developed countries took this appeal at its face value and had had no alternative offer from America, except aid as the price of military and economic dependence, there would be nothing more to say. The Communists would have won the battle. But the choice is not as simple as that. In the first place, the Communist bloc has not always lived up to its economic promises. The goods it has delivered have often been of poor quality and more than one backward country has felt that it has been pressurised into making a bad bargain with the Communists. It is true, too, that the Communist bloc has not been able to export as much economic aid as it has promised; that China today is itself the largest recipient of Soviet aid and that Russia must improve her own people's standard of living. There are, therefore, sharp limits to the available Soviet surplus. But economic progress in the Communist bloc is now so rapid and its technique of dealing with backward countries so clearly improving that this factor is one on which the West cannot rely.

A far more important factor is that, in technically backward countries, Communist propaganda is by no means taken at its face value. Ever since the Russians started to bully the Yugoslavs, most thoughtful and informed Asians have wondered whether Russian aid did not in fact carry hidden strings. Such fears were redoubled in 1956 when the Russians suppressed the national revolt in Hungary, and since then Asians have been increasingly anxious to balance Russian aid by western. It is symptomatic that when delegations come to the West from Burma and other Asian countries, the capitals they most wish to visit are Belgrade and Tel Aviv, because in Yugoslavia and Israel they see the possibility of Socialism combined with freedom.

This tendency to fear that Communism may be a threat and not a symbol of liberation has been sharply increased since the Chinese violations of India's northern frontier. All the Communist advantages that I have listed will be wiped out at a blow if Asian opinion becomes convinced that Communism means aggression not peace, servitude not liberation, arrogance not friendship. There are, after all, 18 million overseas Chinese in southern Asia, and Indonesia is not the only country that fears their disloyalty. Thus there is a new readiness to cooperate economically with the West if its aid is disinterestedly offered. In India, the key country, anti-Chinese feeling has made it possible for a new conservative party to talk of an alliance with America. But this, I must emphasise, represents only a small section of Indian opinion and any attempt by America to coax India from the policy of non-alignment would lead to immediate reaction and the rapid growth of anti-American feeling.

The failure of the Summit has sharpened the lesson. Whether America benefits or loses as a result depends on Washington's capacity to interpret subsequent events correctly. It cannot be easy to bury Foster Dulles so completely and build a new policy on his grave.

All Asia was shocked by the U2 flight, and American responsibility for the Paris breakdown was generally accepted. Peking, which had never hidden its dislike of Krushchev's Summit policy, sees in its collapse a triumphant confirmation of its belief that the 'imperialists' will never disarm or make peace and that, if a third world war happens, Socialism will inherit the ruins. The net effect of all this is to make war seem more threatening and greatly to strengthen neutralism. It was Foster Dulles's most dangerous error to regard neutralism as half-way to Communism, and to assume that economic, military, political and propagandist aid should be given to ex-war criminals like Kishi or Syngman Rhee or Menderes, who represented the corrupt and decadent autocracies of the past. Such tools must always break in America's hands, since they do not represent the interests or the aspirations of the people. The revolt in Japan is not a victory for Communism, though the Chinese of course interpret it as such. The demonstrations involved almost all politically conscious Japanese. They will listen to anyone – right or left – who is prepared boldly to say that an American dominated government and American bases in Japan mean the repetition on a grander scale of the horrors of 1945.

The demand in Japan is not for a Communist government, but for an independent and peaceful one. The same may be said for the whole of non-Communist Asia. It follows from this that US policy should be to support the forces in each Asian country that offer the best chance of popular support and to help them to create the balanced economy that every technically backward country needs for strength and stability. India is the key country. Its vast peasantry will never willingly accept the regimentaion of the Chinese communes. Breaking up large holdings into ever smaller fragments presents a problem that only co-operation can solve and which seems in practice insoluble without foreign aid. The Ford Foundation's investigators were mistaken in thinking that India could concentrate on increasing her food supply; that would not enable the Indian peasant to buy the necessities without which he can never prosper, nor will it bring India any closer to a balanced economy.

Here America can really come to India's aid. She is in a position – which Russia is not – to provide wheat, sugar, cotton and fats without which Indian poverty cannot be relieved. In this, as in most other cases, where large sums of money are involved, the programme is most wisely carried out under the aegis of an international agency, even if, in fact, it is chiefly financed by America. The one organisation I have never heard criticised in Asia is the Colombo plan, by which Asian technicians become qualified to deal with their own problems.

The basic mistake of the West is to accept Krushchev's challenge on his own terms. We must cease to regard undeveloped countries as fields of battle, economic or military. The way to win in Asia is not to fight a war against Communism or to seek to create a capitalist economy in countries where imperialism is even less popular than Communism. We should welcome every advance towards independence and prosperity in these countries for its own sake.

If the Russians have learnt to follow the

NEXT WEEK

AFRICA 1960

The first of two special supplements examining the political changes and racial problems in Africa's year of destiny.

West's lead in giving aid to technically backward areas so much the better. The improvement is a matter of rejoicing, wherever it comes from. The job is to understand Asian problems and help Asians to solve them. As they grow in strength, so they will become less dependent on any outside power. It is their weakness and poverty that is dangerous. They will not accept capitalism; they fear the regimentation and arrogance of Communism. Independent friends are worth more than unreliable satellites.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

MR GAITSKELL had to listen to some very frank criticism before he won his vote of confidence at Wednesday's meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Trade unionists in particular objected to his habit of starting unnecessary controversies and ending them with unsatisfactory compromises. When Labour's dissensions, first over Clause Four and now over defence, were becoming unendurable, Gaitskell was at last persuaded to accept compromises which, to outsiders, seemed like victories – though to insiders they seemed like defeats – and which were satisfactory to the majority of the party. But one can't go on doing this kind of thing indefinitely. Each time the leader or his friends promotes another controversial issue which rouses strong feelings, confidence in his judgment is sapped, however carefully at the finish the cleavage is patched over. It now seems that Mr Gaitskell would like to start a fresh row about the role and influence of the annual conference. Everyone really agrees that the conference must lay down the framework of policy, knowing that the parliamentary party and, of course, the Cabinet, if Labour is in office, must decide its own priorities and ways of applying policy. If it fails to carry out the conference's programme, it will lose its supporters. Perhaps after listening to criticisms from loyal supporters on Wednesday Mr Gaitskell will now realise that any attempt to redefine this relationship can only further undermine party confidence. Those who criticise Gaitskell's leadership are not, as Lord Dalton childishly declares, actuated by malice – indeed strong criticism often comes from personal friends – but by knowledge that the party cannot be successfully led from the tip of one of its wings. The result of such an attempt may be that the leader finds himself leading an unrepresentative rump from which the bulk of the constituency parties and vital sections of the trade union movement have separated. Mr Gaitskell cannot want to find himself in the position of M. Guy Mollet in France.

* * *

I disagree with Bertrand Russell's letter, which we publish this week, on one important point. Labour's new defence policy seems likely to take us only a little way towards the genuine nuclear disarmament that I, like Bertrand Russell, ardently desire. Inconsistencies and dangers in it will have to be fully exposed when it reaches its final form after the TUC have finished with it. But I still hold, with some knowledge of the mood of the party and the personality of its leaders, that it represents the best immediately available compromise. Nuclear disarmers, in my view, should be glad that the Labour Party has formally abandoned Britain's nuclear deterrent; they should now redouble their campaign for getting rid of US bases and making Britain genuinely non-nuclear. Far from being 'surprised' at Mr Cousins's refusal to accept the compromise, we argued that he did so for the good reason that he fears the interpretation that Mr Gaitskell will put on it. Where I disagree seriously with Bertrand Russell is with his thinking it frivolous to suggest the rank and file are primarily interested in party unity. In caring about unity, they show their common sense. I know of no way of obtaining a non-nuclear Britain except by converting the Labour Party. Unless they work through the Labour movement, nuclear disarmers are simply marching about to satisfy their own consciences and expressing their sense of the sin and their horror of nuclear war. If Bertrand Russell sees another road to the goal we have in common, I wish he would let me into the secret.

* * *

Harry Pollitt was never, I believe, the same man after the Communist betrayal of 1939. It is worth while to recall the circumstances of that deeply instructive and traumatic incident. For years his torrential and stirring eloquence – it could be terrific, if you liked that kind of thing – moved tens of thousands of people to throw off their lethargy and to be ready to fight, if necessary physically, to save the world from Fascism. No-one ever converted so many people from pacifism as Pollitt did during the Spanish civil war. He was worried, he told me in 1938, by the number of working class people who were afraid of being bombed. He was more than anyone else the dynamo of the Popular Front movement. He and Winston Churchill preached the same gospel of alliance with the Soviet Union to preserve peace, if possible, but in any case to smash Hitler. Part of his quality of leadership was that he was obviously a British working man speaking from his heart. When the moment of truth came on 3 September 1939, the British CP issued a manifesto demanding a military victory over Fascism, and Pollitt, then General Secretary, wrote a passionate pamphlet calling on 'all friends of democracy' to support the war. 'To stand aside', he wrote, would be 'a betrayal of everything our forebears have fought to achieve'. Germany and Russia (Poland conquered and partitioned) jointly offered peace to the West; the CP said that the war was an imperialist one and embarked on the policy of 'revolutionary defeatism'. Harry had publicly to recant his error. (It remained error until years later Stalin remarked that the war had from the first had an anti-Fascist character.) Pollitt must have known that it was on account of just such 'errors' that so many good comrades had been purged by Stalin, and that if he had been in Russia, he would have been shot. He was too good a Communist to change his loyalty, but it must have been with a very heavy heart that in the post-war years, he stood by and applauded while old friends like Otto Katz and so many others paid the penalty of party loyalty. He continued to make eloquent speeches about the Soviet Union until the end. But the doctrinal keys of British Communism had passed into the subtle and sophistical hands of Palme Dutt.

* * *

Africa South In Exile is a symbol of South African resistance to *apartheid* and a way of keeping us in touch with the now necessarily anonymous contributors from South Africa. But it is more than that. It should also be bought and read for its genuinely instructive and balanced material about all parts of Africa. Its first issue contains, amongst other useful contributions, a detailed diary of the '19 days' that began with the Sharpeville shootings. Another article that I especially recommend is a penetrating account of the problems of independence in the Belgian Congo by Colin Legum. If the magazine can maintain this quality, Mr Segal should not fail to find the necessary funds to put his paper on a firm financial basis.

* * *

The purpose of the exhibition now showing in the Strand, is to remind us about the sufferings of British prisoners at the hands of the Japanese. There are horrifying newspaper cuttings and photographs, but the main interest in the exhibition lies in the paintings, vivid and unexaggerated, which Mr Charles Thrale made at the time with no materials, except such makeshifts as human hair, jungle roots, blood, boiled book covers, crushed leaves and brass polish. They will certainly serve to remind many people here of what they would sooner forget. But are they the people who need reminding? If the present generation of Germans finds it hard to credit or to face the things done by Nazis in concentration camps inside Germany, how much less are the Japanese likely to know or understand of what was done in distant countries by their own soldiers, fifteen or more years ago? They all know about Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and MacArthur carried out one genuinely remocratic reform when he redistributed the land. The Japanese I thought when I was there a few years ago, had regarded him as a Shogun. They had been without orders or leadership ever since. I could find no evidence that western democratic ideas, officially propagated, have made a deep or lasting impression. Ike's remarks on his tour about America being determined to protect all Asians from Communism, only again illustrate how little the Americans have understood that it was a fatal mistake to support people like Kishi, who was himself a war criminal. If the Japanese are not to be either Fascists or Communists, they need the lesson of Mr Thrale's exhibition as well as of Hiroshima.

* * *

The newly-shorn flock were cropping close by when I fell into talk with the shepherd. 'Isn't this about the time of year', I said, (recalling Thomas Hardy) 'when sheep get distended with lush grass and roll over on their backs and die?'. 'Yes' he said, 'that does happen sometimes. I have known them die that way in twenty minutes. Sometimes they'll last for several hours. But we lost fourteen last year and it was something worse that happened to most of them. Foxes came and ate their udders and soft under parts. They were still alive in the morning. That happens nowadays, you understand, because all the rabbits have gone. It never happened before myxomatosis.' 'How horrible,' I said. 'Why don't you shoot the foxes, instead of preserving them for the hunt?' 'I do when I get the chance', he answered, 'and so do other farmers. Last year I shot a big dog fox and after that the attacks on the sheep stopped.' We both knew that the fox hunting fraternity would not be taken by anything that spoils their sport. The foxes like being hunted and I suppose the sheep like being eaten alive.

Carric

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Then there's Customs, passports and allied red tape.

'I wanted to go to Austria,' a woman said in the bus the other day, 'but my husband said he didn't want to end in a Siberian salt mine. So we are going to Blackpool as usual.' – Letter in *Reynolds News*. (M. B. Dawson.)

I saw the most dreadful horror film the other day, full of sadism and perversion. When the lights went up I noticed that most of the audience near me were courting couples. It shook me. When I was courting I took my girl to a cinema that had romance and sweet music. – Letter in *Daily Herald*. (Roma Jones.)

Portsmouth's all-male beach committee decided yesterday that girls wearing bikinis on Southsea beach should not be asked to put on additional clothing. There had been suggestions that girls in bikinis who walked along the promenade caused a commotion. – *Daily Telegraph*. (Ursula James.)

Mrs Nellie Aston, of Lincoln Road, East Finchley, found a mouse in a pint of milk delivered to her home, it was said at Highgate today . . .

Mr A. W. Scott, for the company, said: 'No possible harm could have come to the customer. The process through which the bottle went renders the bottle and anything inside it completely sterile.' *Star*. (H. A. Bonington.)

A View of the Gorbals

THE streets are wide and long. The tenements are high. Between them, either because of Clyde mist or dirt in the wind, it seems almost permanently twilight. In the backlands, those open-air courtyards within the tenements, a young girl is whiling away a Sabbath afternoon obscuring with chalk four-letter words scribbled on a wall. There are pools of slime from blocked drains on the backland soil. In the pub on the corner of Cumberland Street two old men, after some thought and four Scotches, say that the main difference between the pub and those wine shops where red biddy is still drunk is this: in the pub, if you should leave your drink on the table while you take a trip to the Gents, the odds are even it would still be on the table when you got back. In the wine shop the odds against this would be so long as to be ridiculous. Outside in Cumberland Street members of the Wild Young Cumbies, who don't like strangers, look you over but say nothing. Out of the dark tunnels of the tenements children come running, all dressed for church like dolls, all so well-scrubbed that they seem, with the usual, if necessary over-emphasis of morality plays, to be exemplars of innocence in a black and wicked world.

These are the images the visitor is conditioned to expecting of the Gorbals, images of violence and obscenity, innocence and evil; of a life more dramatic and colourful and deplorable than any of us would consciously wish for. Like Tiger Bay and Lime Street and Stepney, the Gorbals is a metropolis on the dark side of every man's moon. Except that it should properly never have been there in the first place. Its reputation, like that of most of those scarlet women who catch the eye at parties, was not deserved.

It was never the worst slum in Glasgow, nor the scene of the worst razor fights, nor the home of the nastiest gangs; but was simply the place that caught the imagination of writers. Perhaps Anderston and Patrick and Govan – wards that better deserve the reputation – lack the memorable qualities of the Gorbals. But, for all the calumnies, this area south of the Clyde beyond Gorbals Cross or over the Albert Bridge is scarcely Surbiton. Now, though, even those strands in its repute which can bear strain are beginning to wither away.

Just over two years ago 96 families moved from decrepit properties which the corporation bought and then demolished to the first new flats and maisonettes built under the ambitious Hutchesontown – Gorbals redevelopment scheme. This meant their moving about 100 yards. One among several interesting aspects of this scheme is that it is the first in Britain, I should think, which can directly be laid at the door of novelists and dramatists. They won the Gorbals international fame. And, as Mr Tom Brennan observes in his *Reshaping a City*: 'The reputation of the Gorbals is such that no city Corporation, whatever its composition, could talk about redeveloping Glasgow without dealing with the Gorbals first . . . It was widely felt that whatever might be acceptable elsewhere, in the case of the Gorbals the only thing to do was to clear the site and make a clean start'. So that if it hadn't been for novels like *No Mean City*, work might have begun elsewhere in a different way, and some critics have said, a better way.

But the flats and maisonettes are there and they do the novelists, and others more closely linked with their design, great credit. They must be among the best council houses in the country. Certainly their inhabitants take an almost child-like delight in enumerating their merits to visitors. They enjoy people like Russian delegations peering at their kitchens. 'Charabancs come down here on trips sometimes to look at us', I was told.

The means whereby the central heating system could be regulated was explained to me several times. To step inside any front door was to be shown the whole house. With only two exceptions, as far as I could see, they were, as they say, like pins, like little palaces. The incalculable increase in happiness that comes when a family has three bedrooms instead of one is one of those spiritual qualities of materialism which people who have never been poor tend to forget. But these are, of course, the commonplaces of new housing estates. Here it may be keeping up with the MacJoneses – those displays of flowers in the windows, those cultivated gardens when no grass grew before, that smart wall-paper – but surrounded by the gloomy tenements the familiar situation is more dramatic.

When people moved into these houses on a site where, so an old inhabitant told me, 40 rats were caught in one day in one tenement 30 years ago, and where on a Saturday night only the foolish or the trouble-maker walked the streets, forecasts were general that in no time at all the place would be a slum. Old Glasgow hands split their sides at the thought that flowers would be allowed even to show their faces in the communal garden. Tulips, in fact, flower, grow to their full height, and die a natural death rather than the expected slaughter.

Their solitary complaint is a curious one. At the western end of the 'redevelopment', as it's known, there is a children's playground with large blocks of stone and tree trunks in it. The people who live in the flats overlooking it dislike it passionately because, they say, children come from all over the Gorbals to play there. The racket certainly is enough to wake the dead let alone a shift-worker, but seemed to me scarcely louder than the row the innumerable children were making in the district's older streets. Ah, but I should see the way the teenagers carried-on after dark. Disgraceful!

The nights I was there no teenagers carried-on in any way at all, but perhaps there was something good on at the pictures, or some dance. One afternoon, though, I did se a crowd of boys of 18 or so rush through the playground kicking a football at very small children. It struck me as feasible that the strength of feeling arose partly because the 'redevelopment' is a peculiarly childless estate (only two children born there in two years); and partly because the people of the new Gorbals don't really like having the old Gorbals invade their territory. One woman told me she knew of a mother in the old Gorbals who deliberately sent her children into the 'redevelopment' to make a noise. No, she didn't want to name names. She also offered the staggering opinion that the Gorbals was a more dangerous place than it used to be because nowadays people had more money in their gas or electricity meters and more liable to burglaries.

Complaints about children apart, the people of the redevelopment are pleased with themselves, and one of their pleasures is that they live in the Gorbals, near their work, near the heart of Glasgow, and were not moved to a housing estate on the city outskirts. The vast majority of Gorbals people don't want to leave even though, on paper at least, their conditions sound appalling. Every acre of the district is occupied by some 450 people. In new housing estates the figure is 50 per acre and in the new Gorbals it will be 150. Only one in 30 households has a bath. It is the usual thing for five families to share a lavatory and some of these lavatories are in a horrible state.

But even in the shabbiest tenements to which these statistics apply rooms are comfortably furnished and there are washing machines and television. Lavatories and bathrooms require more cash than people have, and doubt about how long they'll be staying makes them reluctant to invest the capital. This still leaves slums, leaves families of seven or eight living in three rooms, one of them a small kitchen. It still leaves nasty smells on stairways worn by generations of feet. And it still leaves unemployment, particularly among the unskilled and immigrant, and the seeds of violence.

The Razor Kings are a forgotten dynasty. The Wild Young Cumbies, although no angels, haven't the menace of the old gangs. To get up to strength they need to recruit members from housing estates outside the city, from young men whose families have left the Gorbals. The meths drinkers, or those even more pathetic characters who need fourpence for half a pint of milk and a penny for the meter to infuse it with a whiff of gas, or even the red biddy drinkers, are no more numerous in the Gorbals than in the other poorer districts of the city. To meet them on a Sunday morning at the Tent Hall free breakfast and learn how they got where they are is an experience you would suppose the welfare state had made historic.

But what the Gorbals still has is vigour. The people will talk you daft. For processions, which always seem to be going on, the streets, those enormous streets, are crowded.

Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE

Centre specimen is the skin or "cover" of a lesser paperback, usually discarded about the sixth day. Note left the carton, exquisitely adapted to its purpose (being a carton). Bottom left are bus tickets marked by the Migration section of the S.P.U. (Schweppshire Papyrological Union).

NO. 5 PAPER WATCHING. The great bulk of Park-loving species is undoubtedly "Sunday" paper. This is known as the Sunday phase of paper movement and is actually associated with Sunday, although of course there is no generic or ritual significance in this. The loose term "Sunday newspaper" has long been discarded, as the news itself is difficult to find, often merely vestigial and hidden beneath adventitious and prominent frontages believed to be attraction-repulsion in origin.

Note that one piece of paper is in front or "leading" as we call it, though of course it is dangerous to impute anthropomorphic motives; nor is it for us to "explain" this quality of coming firstness.

Most of the species are familiar; but the keen watcher is often rewarded by the appearance of individuals unfamiliar, if not actually rare. See here for instance a fine example of a Journal of Naval Groceries and Supply, with, not far away, a ruffled specimen of a Programme of the Schweltenham Festival.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Any evening driving down them is a slow business because of the children playing.

'The girls', I said to one of the old men in the pub, 'they seem extraordinarily pretty'.

'No doubt they are', he said, 'but they are nothing but trouble'.

Trouble or not, they are smart and no longer follow the razor boys. Many of them have good jobs in Glasgow: their horizon is no longer the Clyde. When all Gorbals is 'redevelopment' they, like the women in the small 'redevelopment' that's been built, will not bother so much with neighbours, will find their husbands don't go out to the pub so often. There won't, if it comes to that, be so many pubs. Now there are 48; then there will be nine. The old man regretted this, as he regretted the idea of people staying at home. 'When a man stays at home without the company of his fellows', he said, 'he grows melancholy'. The Gorbals that never was is disappearing. The bull-dozers are already at work on the past.

W. JOHN MORGAN

The Live Issue

WHEN the Soviet public-health authorities decided to fight polio by mass-vaccination, they enlisted the help of the confectioners. They used live polio-vaccine as the filler for dragees and dispensed the sweets wholesale throughout the USSR. Children sucked them with satisfaction and asked for more. New-born babies were vaccinated, by having fruit-flavoured vaccine dripped into their throats with fountain-pen droppers. Bottle-fed babies received theirs in the milk. By the end of this year, 75 million children throughout the Soviet Union will have received live-vaccine by mouth, plus millions more in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, China and Viet Nam, using Moscow-produced supplies. Poland, preferring different strains, is making its own and is compulsorily vaccinating all susceptible ages.

So the world sees a familiar pattern. Even in the campaign against polio, there are different camps – the 'East' insisting on the merits of live virus vaccine and the 'West' (US, Britain and western Europe) persisting with killed virus vaccine (Salk). The issue is between 'feeding' and 'needling,' since the one can be taken by mouth and the other has to be hypodermically injected. But the line-up is less aggressive when it is remembered that the Soviet Union is using a vaccine of American origin – the Sabin strains; and Poland is using another of American origin – the Koprowski strains.

The 'live' issue has been very thoroughly thrashed out at a recent conference attended by 100 scientists from 20 countries, called by the Pan-American Health Organisation and the World Health Organisation in Washington. In principle, it is clear that a live vaccine is scientifically preferable and in practice, the conference agreed, there have been no untoward reactions and no major illness resulting from the trials, including the massive experience of the USSR.

Why, then, should there be any reservations? Consider what is involved: The object of a vaccine is to muster the natural 'garrison' of the body to resist the onset of virulent disease. A killed virus, as in the Salk vaccine, will produce this 'alert' – for how long, no one yet knows. Sabin, Cox and Koprowski have each produced 'attenuated' strains of each of the three types of virus. That is to say, they have 'tamed' the viruses so that alive they will not produce any symptoms of polio and yet will produce in the body all the forces of resistance to the 'wild' viruses which cripple and kill. Again, only time will tell how long that immunity will persist.

These live 'tamed' viruses are given by mouth. Like natural polio infection, the vaccine enters the alimentary tract. In the bowels and intestines the viruses multiply through many micro-organic generations. Those which harmlessly invade the system (through the lymph) generate the antibodies of resistance to 'wild' viruses and thus vaccinate the individual. The rest are excreted. This, of course, is how 'wild' polio is spread in epidemics but, in this case, it is the 'tamed' viruses which are put into circulation in the community.

This raises two questions: Is there any chance that the viruses, innocent enough when swallowed, may change their character in the successive generations in the intestines and become dangerous to the community? Or will the tamed, unmutated, viruses spread as an unnoticed harmless infection throughout the community, providing infective vaccination for those who have not swallowed the viruses?

The scientists found no evidence for concern about the first, although in extended campaigns there will have to be continuous vigilance. About the second, there was some disappointment. One of the arguments for the cheapness of the live polio vaccine was that it would flush (in the plumbing sense) whole communities. It is proved to be so in families. Giving oral vaccine to one child is sufficient to spread the infective immunity through a whole household. But not much farther afield. Even in large-scale vaccination, the Czechoslovaks found that the self-propagating infection did not spread to neighbouring localities, as had been expected.

Another matter of concern was whether live virus vaccination of women in the early months of (possibly unsuspected) pregnancy would, as in the case of German measles, harm the baby. On this, there was complete, reasuring agreement – indeed the protective antibodies, generated in the mother, have been found to be passed on to the child and to be present for some months after birth. This raises the question of 'feeding' the vaccine to new-born infants or of postponing it until the mother's antibodies had disappeared. This is an administrative as well as a physiological problem. The Russians have found it easier, with child-birth under supervision, to give the vaccine to the newborn than to follow-up a few months later.

This question of the new-born is probably more important in the Soviet Union than in the West because in the USSR polio is far more frequent among infants and toddlers than among adolescents and adults. This offers a grim sociological footnote to polio. It has even been described as the 'disease of a rising standard of life', attacking, not the weaklings, but the well-nourished, healthy and, indeed, so often, the athletic. But there have been recent, and considerable epidemics in under-privileged countries – enough to support the arguments for world-wide vaccination programmes. Still, historically, it would appear that polio (of which there is evidence among the ancient Egyptians) begins to manifest itself in proportion to the control, or decline, of other mass-diseases and that, as its older name, infantile paralysis, suggests, its massive aggression is against children, in the first apparent instance.

The Soviet Union, in its insistence on early vaccination, is not only accepting this but is trying to eradicate polio before it becomes the affliction of the adult age groups; it is trying to short-circuit, or abort, the historic process of the disease in the West.

Each of the attenuated live virus vaccines, Sabin, Cox and Koprowski, include three types of virus, each of which is a key to potential epidemics. For full protection, all three types have to be administered. For cheapness and ease of administration, it had been hoped that they might all three be combined in a virus 'cocktail' – a once-for-all – but the shared experience of the Washington conference did not confirm this. So it means giving the three at intervals, in order that each can establish itself without the competition of the others. And it was interesting to note the experience of the Russians. References were made to the children who failed to turn up for the successive – and voluntary – 'feedings'.

This conference, since it was on live polio vaccines, was in no way challenging the efficacy of the Salk 'killed' virus vaccine – 'if,' as was frequently remarked, 'a country can afford it.' It is not only a question of the cost of the product but the fact that needle-vaccination requires doctors, nurses, clinics and surveillance systems which many under-developed countries cannot provide.

Meanwhile, on the East-West situation, Professor G. W. A. Dick of Belfast, known here for his work on live polio vaccine, made a sensible suggestion for co-existence. Salk vaccine gives necessary protection for the US and western Europe. The USSR and the eastern countries are convinced of the efficacy of the live vaccine. Why not treat these as complementary efforts in the greatest-ever medical trial, with each side allowing 'surveillance' (in the medical sense) and full exchange of information and experience?

RITCHIE CALDER

Two Generals

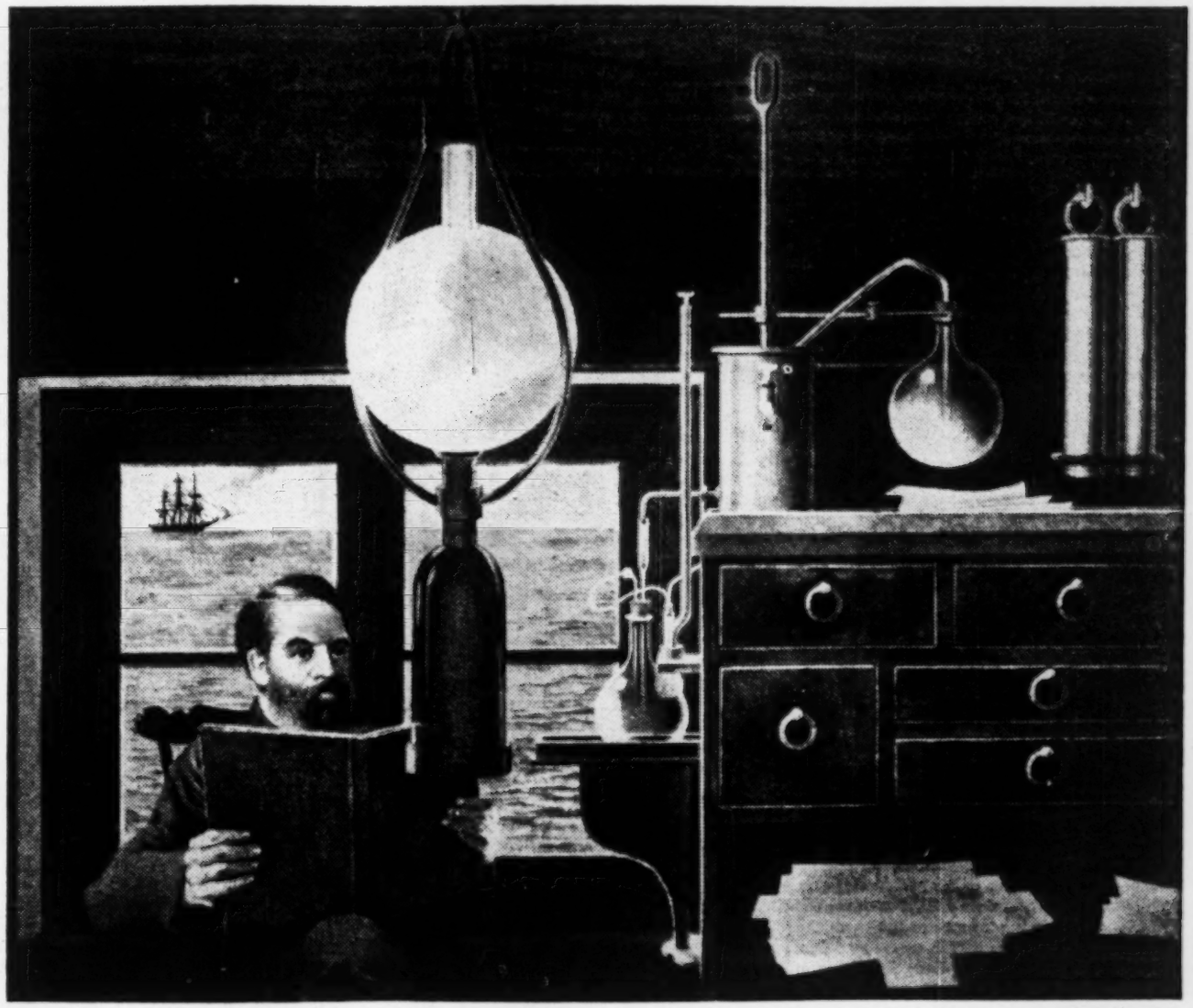
GENERAL ENRIQUE LOYNAZ took me to see the other surviving hero of the Cuban War of Independence, General Garcia Velez. General Velez sat in the cool, vaulted marble of his library, in his pyjamas, surrounded by piles of magazines, mostly English. He had been ambassador to Great Britain for 12 years. A softly groaning symphony of distant car horns and loudspeakers came through the open window. There was a big military parade on in the city.

'I'm commonly stated in the press to be 94,' General Velez said. 'It's not true. I'm only 93.' General Loynaz was in his late eighties. Before leaving his house he had shown me a slightly bent Toledo sword. 'It's out of shape from whacking cowards on the backside,' he said. 'To keep their faces to the enemy.'

'The very opposite in fact, of my own methods,' Garcia Velez said. '*He* used to bully his men. I believed in kidding them along. In my opinion he was guilty of faulty psychology. How none of them ever had the guts to shoot him in the back I shall never understand.'

These two old men had sat quietly in the shadows for 60 years, watching with sardonic eyes the comings and goings of the politicians and the big business men who had gathered like vultures over their victories. They had sat through the revolutions and the *coups d'état*, had seen tyrants rise to power and

Salute to the Royal Society



Although Man is today on the threshold of his first journey into space, he has yet to explore the vast ocean depths of his own planet. Well over half the surface of the earth is covered by sea more than a thousand fathoms deep, and millions of square miles of ocean are three times deeper. The astonishment caused by the recent capture of living coelacanths shows how little we know of life in the dark depths that lap our civilisation; for these fish were believed to have been extinct for seventy million years.

Although scientific observations had been made at sea since the eighteenth century, modern oceanography can fairly be said to date from the Royal Society's *Challenger* expedition, which sailed from Portsmouth in 1872. During the next three-and-a-half years this corvette, with a scientific staff under Charles Wyville Thomson, F.R.S.—here seen in the ship's laboratory—circumnavigated the globe and sailed nearly 70,000 sea miles, a distance unequalled for a voyage of this kind. Throughout the long and often eventful expedition an arduous programme of observation and research was carried out, but the scientific task by no means ended when the *Challenger* finally dropped anchor at Spithead in 1876. Nineteen years elapsed before the publication of the last of the fifty massive volumes through which the results were made known: these are still standard works of reference throughout the world.

Today, oceanography is developing rapidly as it becomes more widely realized that its interest is equalled by its practical value. Knowledge of the deep ocean, where slow but immensely powerful flows of water match the swift tides and currents of the surface, is important not only to marine biologists but to deep-sea fishermen and oil prospectors, meteorologists and geologists, seismologists and submariners alike.

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fall, seen poor, honest men become rich and corrupt, seen young idealists transformed into bloody dictators, seen the vulgar image of Miami stamped over the soft, grey, baroque elegance of the Havana of their youth.

'Above all, my boy, don't get old,' Garcia Velez said. 'It imposes an excess of reflection. I do practically nothing these days but read and think. See that pile of *Edinburgh Journals*. I've every number since 1764, and I've read them all. Mostly I read history with the inner reservation that it's largely romance and lies. At least nearly everything that I can check on from my own personal experience is. Did you ever see the film *A Message to Garcia*, for example? The Garcia in the film was my father.'

'Calixto Garcia – the liberator of our country,' General Loynaz explained.

'I didn't see it myself,' General Velez said, 'As a matter of principle I've never been to the cinema. Nor have I even seen the television. I've always believed in living my life, not watching how other people are supposed to live theirs. But from what they tell me about this film, and the book it was based on, it was pure rubbish.'

'The actress was Barbara Stanwyck,' General Loynaz said. 'A very pretty girl. I much regret never having met her.'

'You cannot awaken the interest of Americans without a big fraud,' General Velez said. 'It was supposed to be some secret mission to my father, shown as carried through in the face of all kinds of nonsensical adventures. My father was depicted as a sort of romantic bandit hiding in the mountains. How they managed to bring Barbara Stanwyck into it, don't ask me. The real truth is there was no adventure. The American agent met my father in a hotel in the town of Bayamo. I don't think the message was particularly important either, whatever it was. My father certainly never bothered to mention it to me.'

'Our old friend's a sceptic,' Loynaz said, 'He's lost the power of passionate conviction.'

'A circumstance in which I rejoice,' Garcia Velez said. 'Our war was terrible enough, but when I say that it was conducted with the utmost brutality, I say this of both sides. Thousands of our people died of starvation and disease in the concentration camps the Spanish set up. Their *guerrilleros* didn't spare our women and children. But let's at least admit we weren't much better.'

He knocked the ash from the end of his cigar into a tin which had held herrings.

'Mind you, it wasn't particularly comfortable to be a general in those days. If you got into a mix-up in a battle they always went for the uniform. I can't remember how many times I was wounded. General Maceo collected 27 wounds. We seemed to be indestructible. When they took my father prisoner, he shot himself in the head. The bullet came out of his mouth. He still lived for 17 years. Tell us about that famous wound of yours Enrique.'

General Loynaz said: 'Those were the days when generals died with their boots on. I was in 107 combats. The 107th was at Babinay in '98 – the last stages of the war, when our American deliverers had belatedly decided to come in. I was in command of an infantry brigade.'

'He was a real general, I might say,' Garcia Velez said. 'He was always at the head of his troops on a white horse. An admirable spectacle, but not for me. Not for my father, either.'

'On this occasion there was no white horse,' Loynaz said. 'I'd been on one earlier in the battle, but it had been shot under me. I can't remember the colour of the second horse, but it certainly wasn't white. Anyway, there I was on the horse, as usual, with a cavalry escort, and the Spanish *guerrilleros* were waiting for us behind a stockade. We were undergoing heavy rifle fire and a moderate artillery barrage. I gave the order to charge.'

'In true Cuban style,' Garcia Velez said. 'Light Brigade stuff. Into the Valley of Death. The kind of thing they love. I shudder at the thought of it.'

'When you run up against cannon fire at point blank range, it's the only way,' Loynaz said. 'Above all things, you want to get it over with. I was the first over the stockade. Unfortunately I was never much good at jumping, and this time I landed on the horse's neck. A Spanish *guerrillero* brought his machete down on top of my head.'

'You should have led your charges from the rear,' Garcia Velez said.

General Loynaz took my hand and placed it on his scalp. I felt a shallow trough in the skull, about six inches long.

'Three American Presidents have asked to touch that wound,' Loynaz said; 'Teddy Roosevelt, Hoover, and I can't remember the name of the third. I managed to scramble back into the saddle holding in the few brains I possess with one hand, and I sat there not able to contribute much to the course of the battle, until it was over.

'They took me to a hut where a honeymoon couple had installed themselves, and I commandeered their bed. The effects of this wound by the way, after the initial pain quietened down, were wholly beneficial. Up till that time I was a martyr to headaches, but I've never had one since. It probably made more space for my brains. That was pretty well the end of the war so far as I was concerned. The Americans decided to come in after that. They were just about a year too late. We should have welcomed them in '97.'

'Friends are always welcome,' Garcia Velez said.

'We had won the war,' Loynaz said. 'The whole country was in our hands.'

'But not the towns,' Garcia Velez said. 'The Spanish still held the towns. You speak as a patriot, not a historian.'

'For six years the foreigners ran our country,' Loynaz said. 'They bought up the best land in the island. Do you know how much they paid? Ten cents a *caballería* of 33 acres. The price of two bottles of Coca Cola.'

Garcia Velez shook his head at him. When Loynaz had gone, he said: 'My old friend has always remained a Cuban, whereas the 12 years I spent in London has wrought a profound change in my character. I see things calmly now; almost I believe, through Anglo-Saxon eyes. Moreover, living abroad, I became wholly a pacifist. Had my 12 years in England come before the war, I don't believe I'd have fought in it. The things I was forced as a patriot to do, now seem to me to be hateful – against nature.'

From where I sat I could see through the window a squad of feminine militia come marching down the road. Half of them were in uniform, the rest in pretty dresses. A sergeant marching beside them called out the time. With them came a blare of martial music from the speakers of an escorting van.

'Please close the window,' General Velez said. 'The noise oppresses me. What do their banners say?'

I read: 'Fatherland or Death. We will fight to the last drop of our blood against foreign aggressors.'

'And they will,' the general said. 'And they will if necessary. Alas, haven't I seen them?'

NORMAN LEWIS

The Arts and Entertainment

Manhattan Solo

WHEN good Americans die they go to Paris, but when good jazz-fans die they unquestionably go to New York; it is to be hoped with a lot of celestial folding-money in their pocket, for this city is no bargain. On any given evening, somewhere between the Battery and the Harlem River, about three quarters of all living jazz musicians whose names are known to the foreigner can be heard or seen. Like everything else in this astonishing stone battleship of a city – the twin peaks of the midtown and downtown skyscrapers are its turrets – the concentration of jazz is awe-inspiring. And yet like so much else in New York, it has little organic connection with the city. Jazz is just there, a minority among the other minorities whose sum-total makes up the town, though the increasing conversion of Manhattan into a Negro and Puerto Rican borough will make it sound louder as time goes on.

To be precise, New York jazz is at least two minorities; and it is disturbing that they have so little relation with each other. Uptown there is the jazz of Harlem (the one that does not even get advertised in the *New Yorker*, otherwise a faithful guide to the music). This is the sort of noise you hear coming out of the dark belly of the *L Bar* on Broadway and West 148th, the visceral sound of Marlowe Morris's rhythmic organ-playing, rather like crystallised glue, or in the *Top Club* on West 145th, which is a simple-minded place where men go to drink, girls to hustle and bartenders to give short measure. A little band, led by a former dancer, operates on the stand between the bar and the tables with two poorish sax players, a splendid swinging trombone called Buster Cooper and a handsome sweating shaven-headed entertainer, Titus Turner, who sings ballads, shuffles, but above all shouts some very gratifying fast city blues with comedy effects. It is not very ambitious music, but by God the place jumps and the clients at the bar laugh and stomp their feet as men ought to do when they are enjoying themselves. Those who listen to this music are not 'fans'; they are just people who like to have some entertainment while they drink. Those who play it are craftsmen and showmen, who accept the facts of life in the jungle with disconcerting calm. 'The best drummers', says an eminent trumpeter over a drink, 'are either working or in jail'. Maybe they are, but this is the kind of statement which visiting Englishmen have to take time to digest.

A few miles downtown is the other kind of jazz, the *avant garde*. Let me make no bones about it. This is by far the most impressive jazz played in New York today. Much of it is no doubt disappointing. John Coltrane at the *Jazz Gallery* is, like so many sax players, in urgent need of sub-editing. Dizzy Gillespie, at

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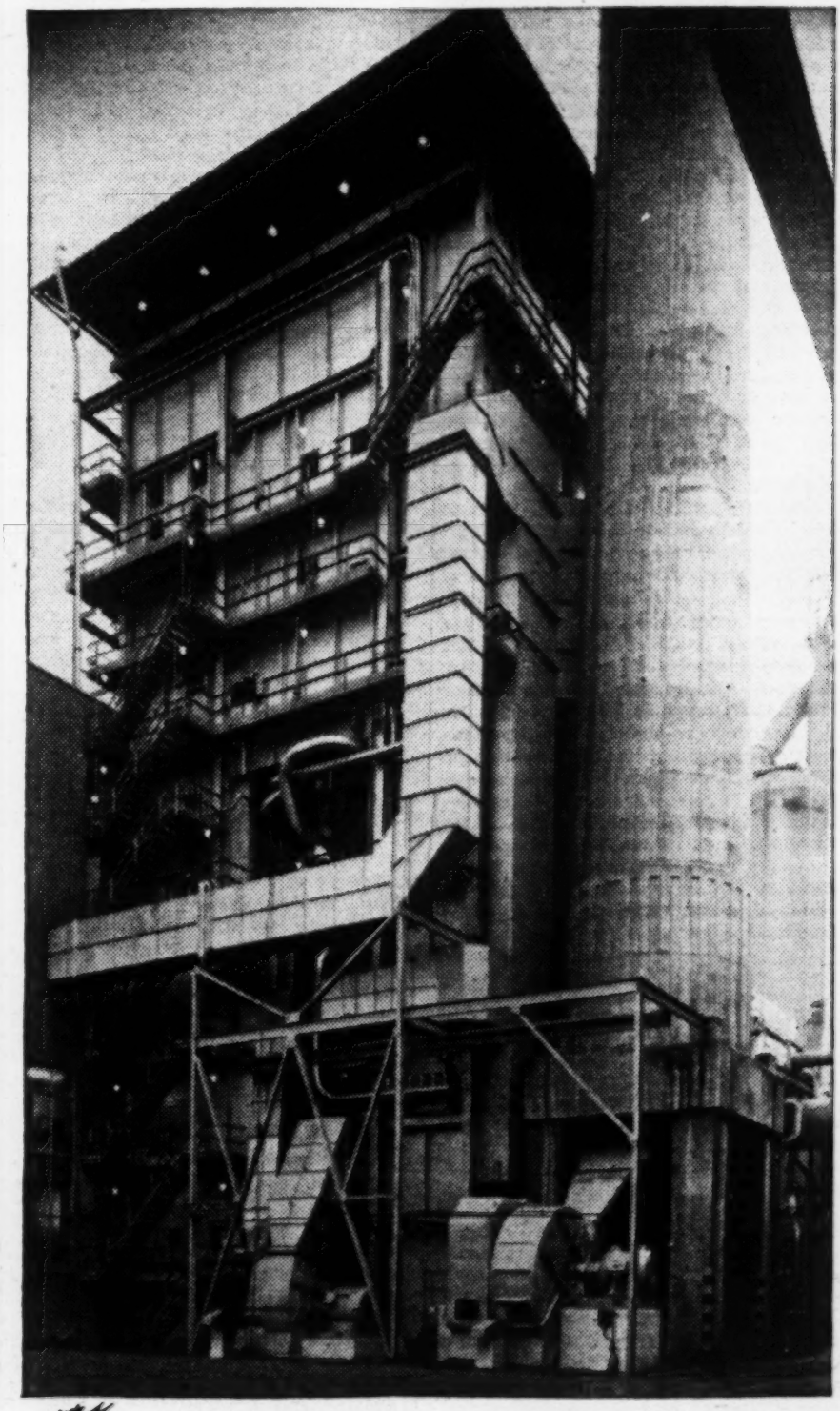

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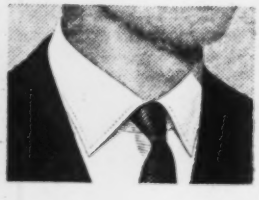

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the same place, makes his concessions to the higher culture by not actually clowning, but he still refrains from using those incomparable gifts which make him potentially the greatest jazz musician alive. But Ornette Coleman at the *Five Spot* (on the confines of the Bowery) is a deeply impressive artist. The far-out boys do him an injustice by insisting on the revolutionary character of the sounds which, in defiance of all the rules of all musical games, he produces out of his plastic alto-sax, and which can only be described in words which carry unwanted overtones of depreciation: squeaking, neighing, honking and suchlike. Widening the technical range of an instrument is not enough to make a player more than a freak. The unforgettable thing about this very dark, soft-handed man playing with a vertical fold over his nose, is the passion with which he blows. I have heard nothing like it in modern jazz since Parker. He can and does play the chorus of a standard straight – with an intense, voiced, lamenting feeling for the blues which lays this critic flat on his back. He swings. Beside him his trumpeter and pupil Don Cherry sounds a thin piper of experimental exercises. Coleman is a big thing in jazz, and it is to the credit of New York that it has recognised him in a few months, after years of lonely playing in the wilderness of the west.

But who has recognised him? The public at the Five Spot is overwhelmingly young, white, and intellectual or bohemian. Here are the jazz fans (white or coloured) with the 'Draft Stevenson' buttons, lost over their $1.50 beer. If Coleman were to blow in *Small's Paradise* in Harlem, it would clear the place in five minutes. Musicians such as he are, it seems, as cut off now from the common listeners among their people as Webern is from the public at the Filey Butlin's. They depend on those who are themselves alienated, the internal emigrants of America. And their tragic paradox is, that the value of what they blow lies not where they are going, but where they are coming from. The tragedy of modern jazz, as of most modern art, is that it moves further away from its roots.

In my next article I hope to write about the San Francisco jazz scene.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Waste Land Revisited

DÜRRENMATT is one of those writers who are becoming increasingly rare in the theatre: one who thinks. His English counterparts muddle hopefully along and the French *avant-garde* offers only the evidence of having once thought; that is, at some crisis of their lives, Beckett and Ionesco reached their single conclusions – that life is hopeless or life is the Absurd. Their plays are distant end-products of these revelations which affect the tone of the work but not the process. Dürrenmatt, on the other hand, lets you in on the dramatic thinking itself. He takes a conventionally strong story and teases it with immense cunning until it yields up layer upon layer of meaning.

The Visit (Royalty) is a myth made modern. Gullen is a small town turned into a waste land because of an unacknowledged and unexpiated crime. Its industries stand idle and its citizens are rotted with poverty. The crime was the betrayal of a young girl, Clara, who has been one of those wild, natural, Ibsenesque creatures, bitched by the town's false morality. A local lad had made her pregnant, denied it, and brought false witnesses to prove him right. The town then threw her out. When the play begins, she returns infinitely wealthy. The local magistrate is now her butler; the false witnesses, whom she has had blinded, follow her like performing animals; she owns all the local industries. She offers to bring the town back to life; but on one condition – that they kill her seducer. Flushed with righteous indignation, the citizens refuse. But the idea of wealth is as corrupting as the idea of respectability. They begin to live on it; they buy on credit. Inevitably, perfect greed casteth out both fear and love. The scapegoat is democratically voted to death and ritually slaughtered.

Dürrenmatt's cunning is in the way he translates the mythical situation into terms of his wholly contemporary obsession with bourgeois morality (he is not Swiss for nothing). Money is the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace. He uses this not as a simple theatrical gimmick but as a means to an ironic and pertinaciously logical dramatic analysis of justice and guilt. Where sin is poverty and redemption prosperity, values are turned upside down. Murder becomes sacrifice and only the victim is guilty. "The highest justice has no pity', says Clara; and bourgeois justice echoes it by being immoral.

Dürrenmatt has so much to say that *The Visit* might easily have become a charade, with a little bit of high fantasy thrown in. Mercifully, he is too powerful a writer to settle for so easy a solution. He lives the abstractions and so the abstractions live. And in Peter Brook he has a producer who matches him power for power, dramatic invention for invention. Brook is one of the few producers who can be stylish without stylising the play to death. He imposes an extraordinary complexity of movement and detail on his cast, but uses it to force the action forward instead of merely to fill in while nothing much is happening. The tension slackened only in act two, but then the fault seemed more Alfred Lunt's than the producer's.

The Lunts, of course, are the great masters of the high Baroque style of acting; their every gesture is so elegant and so practised that it sets them off in a formal world apart. They hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to acting, not nature. This suits Lynn Fontanne very well as Clara; she sweeps on and off with all the icy imperiousness and eloquent but rather distant movements her *grande dame* part demands. Alfred Lunt, on the other hand, has to be fallible. So he underplays. But since he can't quite bring himself to do this, he invents a special rhetoric of underplaying. He is all shuffling and hesitation, he seems to apologise with his body for its very presence and scarcely raises his voice above the pitch of the discreetest conversation. In the rapid to-and-fro of Dürrenmatt's dialogue, this imposes an almost intolerable strain on the supporting actors. When, like a whale among herrings, he moves effortlessly into the thin air of his slow, throwaway softness, the rest are left gasping. It was a masterpiece of smooth acting; but there is a point at which smoothness comes close to the invertebrate, and then the support it demands is overwhelming. Brian Wilde was the only actor to hold his own against him, with a gentle but passionate performance as the local schoolmaster.

The Stratford season gets better and better. John Barton's production of *The Taming of the Shrew* has all the advantages of pictorial brilliance, an increasingly polished company,

and a little unexpected and unpedantic scholarship. He has used extracts from an earlier, non-Shakespearean version of the play to round off the Christopher Sly episode, which is another of those bits Shakespeare never blotted. The result is not only a superb reconstruction of an Elizabethan production, with every inch of Alix Stone's setting put to use; it also places the play. For *The Shrew* is, by Shakespeare's own standards, a piece of hackwork. By emphasising the play within a play and joke within a joke, Barton sets both the inerter verse and more tedious brutality at a distance. The dead wood becomes an intriguing curiosity and what is lively seems even livelier.

He also has the advantage of Peggy Ashcroft's Shrew. Usually, I find Dame Peggy plagued by a terrible genteelness; whatever the circumstances, she seems to remain both young and nice at heart. But at Katharina her vice has no chance. Instead, it re-emerges as an unexpected tenderness under all the raging, spitting and wonderfully timed awkwardness. The vitality was there – she hopped like a rabbit at the start – but it deepened at every turn into feeling. As Petruchio, Peter O'Toole spat and shouted perhaps a little too fiercely at times, making his physical panache seem dangerously like coarseness. But for the most part, he matched Dame Peggy depth for depth. One can't ask more. Jack MacGowran gave a beautifully attentive performance as Sly and Dinsdale Landen slid and leaped with a vengeance.

A. ALVAREZ

Prophet with Honour

D. H. LAWRENCE, who received his teacher's certificate at the old University College of Nottingham, is the centre of a large and varied exhibition at the art gallery of the new University's post-Lawrencian buildings above the River Trent. *D. H. Lawrence After Thirty Years: 1930-1960*, which opened on 17 June and will close on 30 July, is the outcome of two years' intensive effort by Professor V. de Sola Pinto of the University, who with Dr F. R. Leavis is among the speakers in the lecture series concurrent with the exhibition. Professor Pinto has also edited a 56-page illustrated catalogue which lists more than 300 items on display.

Its introduction discusses the rise of Lawrence's reputation as a writer in these thirty years since his death, and says that 'this exhibition may be regarded as a contribution to England's belated apology to one of her greatest sons.' Professor Pinto also notes that Lawrence 'seems to have regarded the College with a mixture of affection, impatience, repulsion and irony', and with commendable sportsmanship quotes one of his little lampoons on it.

The exhibition itself shows Lawrence's close connection with the University in the form of exercise books, bearing the College insignia, in which Lawrence scratched out some of his early poems and essays alongside history and botany notes. Other holograph manuscripts and essays in the glass cases reach across Lawrence's entire career. There are also first editions of all his books, many of them with interesting, sometimes even piquant, inscriptions. The University owns much of this material; many of the items are on loan from the matchless collection of George L. Lazarus. Sister institutions as far away as the University of Texas also contributed, as did various private individuals.

How many must die?

Tomorrow many Algerian refugees who could have lived are likely to be dead. They will die from lack of food, from exposure and from the diseases of extreme privation. 80% are women and children — more than 30,000 are orphans and many roam the countryside searching for food.

World Refugee Year has helped them a little; but it cannot end their plight, as it may for Europe's refugees. We need money, desperately: for feeding schemes, for children's homes, for occupational training and for mobile clinics (a month's supplementary food costs £1; £1,200 buys a mobile clinic).

We appeal to you quite literally to save a life — the life of someone who may have no chance if help does not come swiftly. In a matter of days your subscription can be helping to send food, blankets or medicines.

Please send contributions to:

THE HON. TREASURER, THE UK COMMITTEE FOR ALGERIAN REFUGEES, 49 DENISON HOUSE, 296(A) VAUXHALL BRIDGE RD., LONDON SW1

Supporting organisations:

CHRISTIAN ACTION, FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL, INTER-CHURCH AID & REFUGEE SERVICE, INTERNATIONAL VOLUNTARY SERVICE, OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR FAMINE RELIEF, WAR ON WANT

Sponsors include: Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P., James Cameron, Bertrand Russell, O.M., The Bishop of Southwark, Professor Arnold Toynbee, Vicky, Col. George Wigg, M.P.

Since Lawrence was a painter as well as a writer – a Sunday painter until he became serious about it in the last years of his life – the exhibition appropriately has a high pictorial content. Paintings by Lawrence at different stages of his career hang along the walls, and there are several portraits of Lawrence such as those by Jon Juta and Edmond Kapp lent by the National Portrait Gallery. Another pictorial feature is the photo-biography of Lawrence arranged in chronological order.

The exhibition, larger than that of the Los Angeles Public Library in 1937 or that of Southern Illinois University in 1958, occupies (with centre as well as wall cases) one huge room and its annexe. This most comprehensive of Lawrence exhibitions shows that the prophet Lawrence is not without honour in his own country and in his home county.

HARRY T. MOORE

Soviet Ballet Stars

THE Soviet attitude to ballet is far simpler, far less sophisticated than our own. It derives from a generation which had never read and hardly heard of Freud. Strange to be carried back into the mental climate of a generation that existed before one was born! The professional seriousness with which the Russians put this over in their ballet makes it appear not ridiculous, but irrelevant to modern life. And it is this sense of irrelevance that makes so much of the Soviet effort in ballet appear pathetically pointless.

The Bolshoi Company has now sent over a group of stars who are performing at the Albert Hall. Their programme is mostly made up of excerpts from the Bolshoi repertoire, *pas de deux* or solos, danced here before plain curtains. In this setting it is more possible to judge the quality of the dancers as individuals or stars than as artists; for it is impossible to recapture all the magic of *The Swan Lake* or *The Sleeping Beauty* without the lake or the palace or the story. Certainly the most atmospheric performance was given by Nina Timofeyeva in the adagio from *The Swan Lake*. The sensationally high angle of her leg as she turns in *attitude* reminds us of the angle of a swan's wing. The strong, sweeping movement of her arms give a sense of both passion and masterly control that is extraordinary, coming from so frail and exquisite a creature. She fails a little with her face and a lot with her *epaulement*, or the placing of her shoulders, which can give such subtlety and expression to ballet dancing. This lack of *epaulement* was apparent in all the stars except Margarita Smirnova, who danced a duet from *The Flames of Paris* with a finesse and lightness worthy of Markova.

There are a good number of stunt duets in the programme, given with a technical skill hardly understood by dancers trained in Britain. The fine, brawny men and elegantly athletic girls are first draped in chiffon and given a sentimental piece of music. They then leap and pirouette with astounding, mouth-watering perfection. The inevitable finale comes when the man hoists the girl on a sort of high chair lift, where she sits balanced on the palm of his upstretched hand. The ideas behind these numbers are appallingly banal. If only such technical talent could be used by the Royal Ballet, or any company with taste and discrimination! Once again there is need for a Diaghilev to open up the world of art to these Russian artists.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Cologne Fair

SINCE 1923, the International Society for Contemporary Music has held an annual Festival, interrupted only by the war. This year's Festival took place in Cologne, with the admirable co-operation of the West German Radio. In just over a week, 39 new or near-new works were heard. Doubtless some unfortunate officials heard them all.

Someone should write a history of the ISCM Festivals between the wars. It would show a genuine and often courageous achievement, involving most of the major creative talents of our day and illuminating the last years of a musical epoch that ended not with the war itself but with the post-war ascendancy of radio and gramophone. No one would claim that the present Festivals help to further the 'cause' of modern music, any more than others would claim that the film festivals further the 'cause' of cinema or the Lambeth Conference furthers the 'cause' of religion. It is indeed no Festival, but a gathering of professionals for social or commercial purposes.

On paper it might seem that the year's programme suffers from the necessary representation of the smaller nations. But at Cologne the pure, authentic agony was largely provided by composers of international repute. In the face of such eminent inadequacy, an honest conservative work like the sixth symphony of the 72-years-old Dutch composer Matthijs Vermeulen might be overrated. A more relevant standard for this year's ISCM exhibition was set by Berg's *Der Wein* and Dallapiccola's *Canti di Liberazione*. Neither of them masterpieces, they are nevertheless the works of composers who struggle bravely (if sometimes too audibly) with their assets and limitations. The Dallapiccola was blessed with a marvellous performance by the WDR chorus, which has a most remarkable director in Bernhard Zimmermann. After the blurred effect of the London performance of the *Canti*, the Cologne chorus's chording gave the work a dimension it had seemed to lack. But unfortunately this cannot save the work's larger formal problems. I was reminded in both the Berg and the Dallapiccola of the cryptic remark with which Schoenberg ended his otherwise polite comments on the score of *Der Wein* which Berg had just sent him: 'By the way – what is the point of this retrograde recapitulation at figure 142?'

'What is the point?' How many times must that question have been asked at Cologne! It seems that the younger 'advanced' composers have also asked themselves that question, specifically in relation to structural procedures which do not contribute anything in real musical terms. They have found an answer in the introduction of elements of chance, which operate within a certain defined space. After a period in which every new 'advanced' work was given a title referring to some static concept – for instance, *Structures*, or *Perspectives* – a reaction has set in. Titles will now have dynamic connotations that also imply the idea of chance. This tendency undoubtedly has its origin in the work of John Cage, whose musical analogy with the principles of the Mobile is reflected in the title of Henri Pousseur's two-piano work heard at Cologne, and also in the structure of Luciano Berio's *Quaderno* for orchestra. It is not very easy to take Cage seriously, but there is now an added reason for making the attempt, and I shall try to do so in a later article.

Berio's *Quaderno* was by far the best work by a young composer that I heard in Cologne. In the same programme was a work of similar length and pretensions, the *Motus-Colores* of Ingvar Lidholm. The comparison was valuable. Technically, both works have much the same virtues and vices. But the Berio is creatively alive, and the Lidholm is not. The very marked contrasts of character in the Berio are the expression of a real personality; the piece moves, it has tempo and temperament.

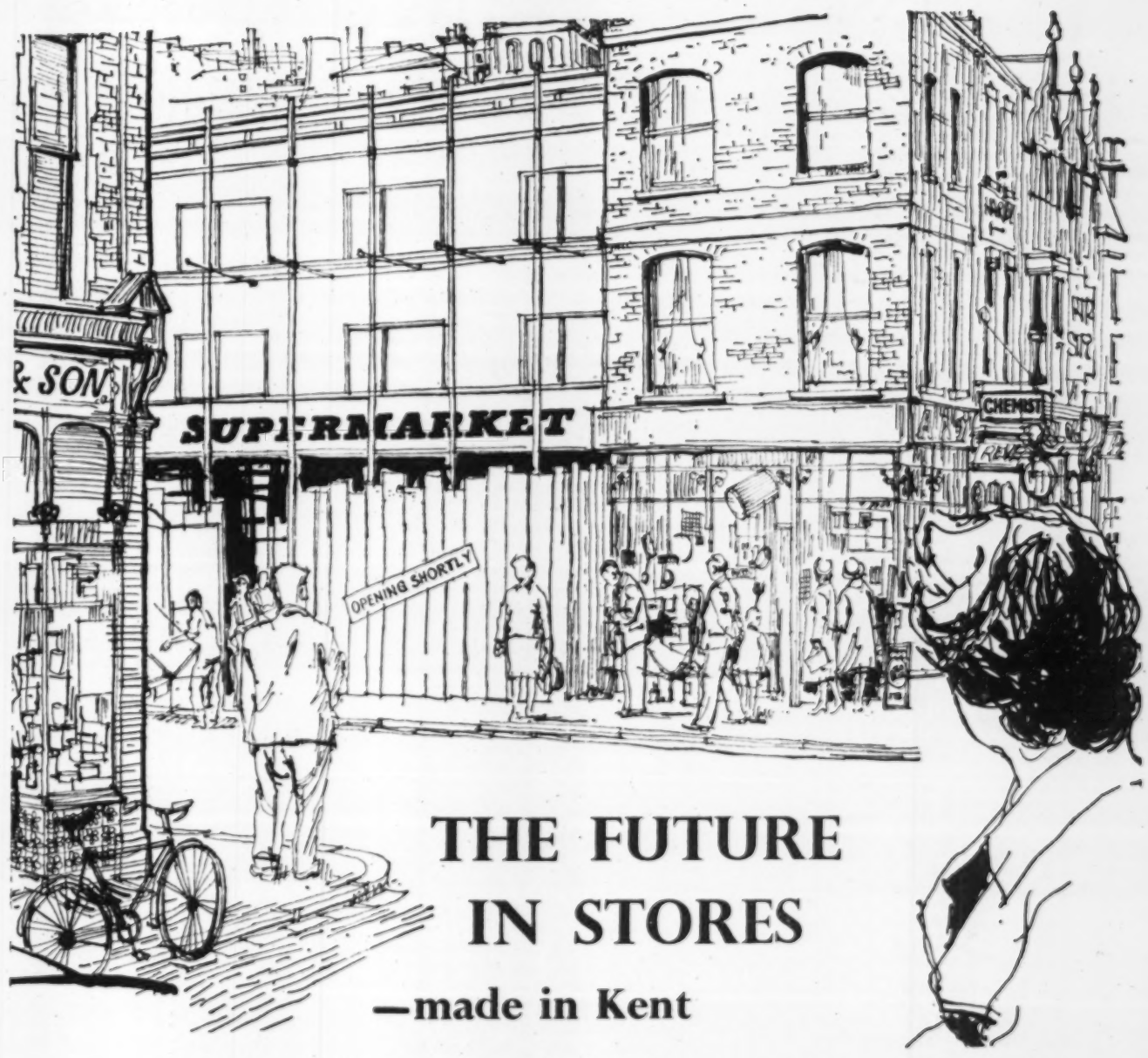
Amongst the lesser talents a certain modesty of aim was welcome, whether in the frankly derivative manner of Bernhard Lewkovitch's *Cantata Sacra*, or the more original *Auf die ruhige nachtzeit* of Klaus Huber. Lewkovitch and to a lesser extent Huber take their cue from what one may already call the 'earlier' serial music of Stravinsky. The speed in which Stravinsky himself is developing in this sphere was demonstrated by the first European performance of his *Movements* for Piano and Orchestra. The exercise of the tiny *Epitaphium* of 1959 seems to have been all that Stravinsky needed to effect the enormous transition from his previous large-scale work, *Threni*, to the *Movements*. It is true that this development is partly governed by the change of medium, and that it is paralleled in the succession of *Persephone* (1934) and the Concerto for Two Pianos (1935). But the greater concentration of the *Movements*, both vertically and horizontally, is very much a product of Stravinsky's present preoccupations. It is a difficult work, not only because things which Stravinsky might once have elaborated for several pages are now compressed within a few bars or even a single bar, but also because the rhythm and texture make it very hard to hear vertically, except at cadential and transitional points. But the clearest things – the typically Stravinskian repetitions in the last movement – are the most puzzling of all in the context. Otherwise it is Stravinsky's most unified and consistent work since the Sextet. A single hearing was enough to brighten the Cologne Festival, but we will need many more and better ones before the work can be fully assessed.

DAVID DREW

Mucking in Together

NOW that the status of television in the BBC is firmly established by the opening of the mammoth Television Centre, sight and sound within the Corporation should be increasingly aware of their positive and complementary functions and thus able to shed their mutual inferiority complex. In the past they have seemed prickly and restive neighbours, regarding each other respectively as olde-tyme egghead and as vulgar upstart, rather as if it had been ordained that *The Times* and the *Daily Mirror* should be edited and printed in the same building. So, though programmes can never be completely, or even mainly, interdependent, let us have more of the intelligent planning which (I assume) gave us a repeat of the Third's *Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* last Sunday, a few hours before we were brought *Face to Face* with Pinfold incarnate in his creator.

Michael Bakewell's skilful adaptation of Mr Waugh's essay in horror-sci-fi is yet another example of radio's power of stimulating the visual imagination through the ear: 'O world invisible, we view thee.' On TV, only *Quatermass* has really chilled us with production tricks. What is meant to horrify comes out so often as whimsy – as in *The Insect*



THE FUTURE IN STORES

—made in Kent

The way things are going there will soon be hardly a shopping street in the country without its self-service store or supermarket. In 1947 there were 10 self-service stores: now there are 7,000 and 380 supermarkets as well.

NEW FIELDS IN KENT

This is the way of the future. And it all hinges on packaging. And at Gillingham, in Kent, on an 18-acre site, Bowaters are building for the packaging future. Concentrated here will be Bowaters carton, waxed paper and bag operations. This is a gathering together of present resources. But the Gillingham plant will thrust out into new fields—the extrusion of polythene, for example, the development of polythene coatings, the printing and laminating of aluminium foils.

SETTING THE PACE

Bowaters have grown quickly in packaging. Awareness of present needs and future trends brought them into the industry. This same awareness is the reason why Bowaters are now setting the pace in packaging—for the manufacturer as for the woman in the shop.

The way things are going affects Bowaters. And Bowaters affect the way things are going.

facts point to a buoyant future for

Bowaters

IN GREAT BRITAIN
AND IN CANADA · UNITED STATES OF AMERICA · AUSTRALIA · NEW ZEALAND · SOUTH AFRICA · REPUBLIC OF IRELAND · NORWAY · SWEDEN · FRANCE · BELGIUM · ITALY

Play, which, as I suggested last week, was sometimes more like Peter Pan on parents' day at Italia Conti's. No visual effects could have made Pinfold's 'voices', Goneril and the rest of them, more bloodcurdlingly awful; and it is odd that the only doubt I felt – whether Pinfold himself, as played by Ralph Michael, wasn't a shade too pompously orotund – vanished in the presence of 'Pinfold', so bland, so impenetrably guarded yet affable, the very image of a member of White's condescending in the nicest possible way because, after all, nowadays the New Poor have to do these extraordinary things like appearing on the television. Mr Waugh's general strategy was to seek to 'throw' his interlocutor by answering elaborate questions with exceptional brevity – *e.g.* 'Both those statements are true.' He also tried to draw him along false trails by uttering, with the air of one throwing away a truism, such blasphemies as 'Everyone thinks ill of the BBC.' His cleverest line was in reply to a question about the size of his modest suburban childhood home: 'For those days, tiny . . . Bigger than most people have now.' It is a pity that one newspaper misheard, as 'aesthetic', the last word of his (abruptly cut) last line: 'We aren't all called to be ascetics.'

Radio already broadcasts the sound-tracks of both *Face to Face* and the *Brains Trust* (and of TV 'party politicals'). Since few viewers can see every programme that is worth seeing (rare as these may be), this healthy parasitism might well be extended further. I see no reason why the Home Service's magazine, *Today*, shouldn't sometimes borrow from the previous evening's edition of its archetype, *Tonight*. Good as *Today* is, it seems lately to have lost a little of the tit-bitty, grasshopper *élan* which has made it such an ideal background to the morning shave. On Tuesday, for instance, its investigation of the Bournemouth bikini controversy went on too long, and my attention wandered during Mr Menuhin's highly civilised comments on the changing London skyline. But its last item was a winner: five lines translated from a Russian poem ('A forgotten fear creeps under the ceiling Like a seagull, like the wind . . .') which made quite good poetry and sense except that the last word was non-existent and meaningless. The explanation: the 'poet' was an electronic machine, and these machines (besides being congenitally pessimistic) do occasionally, I am glad to say, break down in nonsensical error.

TOM DRIBERG

Titling Down

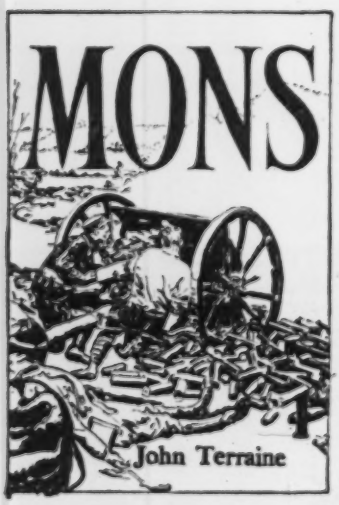
EVER since a good Japanese film managed to run six months in Oxford Street under the title *Street of Shame*, film producers and distributors have been racking their brains for soiled labels that will repeat the miracle. Sometimes of course the film is as bad as or worse than its title; but for all you know *Village of the Damned*, *Swamp of Lust*, or *Republic of Sin* may conceal an interesting original. These as a matter of fact are not made-up titles. Behind *Village of the Damned* (Ritz) lurks a John Wyndham fantasy, *The Midwich Cuckoos*, which envisages a strange visitation of the home countryside. A village fails to respond, gets cut off, and upon all who try to approach is imposed a deep anaesthesia. The copper falls off his bike, the coach overturns, the ear-phone dangles, the cows lie prone in the grass, the army starts reconnoitring with planes and detectors. The same kind of eerie fun is generated as by, let us say, *The Man Who Worked Miracles*; but Wyndham fantasy differs from Wellsian in that its supernormalities come out of space. This development, which we can't help catching on to, provides here a re-awakening of the village, the discovery that its adult female population is pregnant, and the early arrival of strange compelling infants. I won't give away more, except to remark that these staring Goldilocks are disturbingly realised, and that Wolf Rilla's film, modestly seeks the kind of success that attended Cavalcanti's picture of an England invaded, *Went the Day Well?*

Swamp of Lust and *Republic of Sin* are both titles of one Bunuel film: it began as the first and now reaches the Berkeley and the Press as the second. Admittedly, it isn't a very good film. It sets out, starkly documentary, to depict the tyrannies of an island prison and to dissect the collapse of an honest official (Gérard Philipe) into the arms of the local Establishment. Documentary gives way to sex, politics, melodrama; and ends as a tough subject recklessly or lazily mishandled.

Another disappointment, Elia Kazan's *Wild River* (New Victoria) also springs from documentary, in this case newsreel of the Tennessee floods. On this prelude follows a drama, taken from *two* novels, about an old woman (Jo Van Fleet) refusing to give up her home to make way for the big dam. Montgomery Clift in his most neurotic mood comes from the TVA to persuade her, falls in love with her daughter (Lee Remick), and with the Method getting both in its clutch, the film lasts twice as long as it should. What is constant is the beauty of the filming.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

BRITISH BATTLES SERIES



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B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

Correspondence

LABOUR'S DEFENCE POLICY

SIR, – I am disappointed and surprised by your first leader in your issue of 25 June on the subject of the new Labour statement on defence. You seem surprised that Mr Cousins is not accepting this statement, and you say, 'The single overriding desire of the Labour rank and file is for unity of purpose and an end to internal strife.' To those of us who are impressed by the dangers of nuclear warfare, this appears as an incredibly frivolous statement. What we fear is that, unless British policy is radically changed, we shall all achieve perfect unity in a cosy collective graveyard – a unity even wider than that which you envisage, since it will embrace Conservatives and Liberals as well as Labour.

The new document is offered as a compromise, but, in fact, it concedes *nothing* to the unilateralists. On the matter of nuclear warfare, what it does is to make British security still dependent upon the bomb, but leaves a larger proportion of the expense to be paid by America. As a taxpayer, I rejoice; but, when I think beyond taxes, I feel like the man condemned to be hanged who is allowed to enjoy a last hearty breakfast. Nor can those who are impressed by the wickedness and folly of H-bombs feel altogether happy in a policy which pretends that there is nothing foolish or wicked about H-bombs so long as they are not ours.

The arguments against British dependence upon American H-bombs are of two sorts: one, that H-bombs are immoral; the other, that the population of Britain is more likely to be exterminated if we are nominally defended by America than if we are not. The Soviet government has announced that any satellite of the US which permits U2 flights from its territory will be obliterated. The British government has said that it will not permit such flights from British territory, but American militarists are pretty certain soon to find something which the Russians will dislike as much as U2 flights. Russia may then destroy every human inhabitant of Britain within an hour or two. Although America, at present, states and sincerely believes that the obligations of Nato would be fulfilled in such a case, there is much reason to doubt whether they would be when it came to the point. We should be dead and nothing could be done for us, and the only effect of coming to the defence of our corpses would be to spread equal destruction throughout America and Russia, and almost equal destruction throughout the world. I think the Russians might well calculate that America would not think this worth while. While we remain allied with America, Russia has a motive for exterminating us if it can be done safely. If we became neutral, Russia would have no such motive.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

[This letter is referred to in London Diary. Ed. NS.]

SIR, – I would agree with you that the Labour Party's new statement on foreign policy and defence is a considerable improvement if it is a sincere account of Mr Gaitskell's views. If it is 'wrong and dangerous' to be perilously dependent on nuclear weapons, will he, as a test of this sincerity, demand that Britain withdraw from Nato unless it gives up this dependence?

LESLIE FEINMANN

29 Osborne Avenue
Newcastle upon Tyne

TWO THEORIES OF OPPOSITION

SIR, – Mr Crick's article, far from being an evaluation of the two 'theories', is merely a series of assertions on behalf of Mr Crossman's view that 'the first duty of an opposition is . . . simply to oppose'.

is for Knight Drivers

"Six of the best!" bellowed Sir Knigel the knight-driver, as he knipped off on his knight-mare to knobble a knasty knight-knapper who had knutted a knother knight. "The knerve of the knave," he thundered, "but I know how to knab him. Give my knimble knag a knice knogging of Super Shell, and I'll have his knauseating knees knocking before the knight's out."

Knight or knoon... **Super SHELL**

you can be S for SURE of it

But what does this actually *mean*? Mr Crick gives us two examples of oppositions which, he feels, fulfilled this function well, by opposing tooth and nail *all* the policies of the government: the Irish Parnellites and the Conservatives of 1945-51. The Parnellites, of course, were not an opposition at all in the sense of being an aspiring alternative government, and therefore Mr Crick begs the question at issue by bringing them into the discussion. Their aim was solely to draw attention to the Irish problem, not to win electoral support: whatever had been their parliamentary strategy, they would still have held the Irish constituencies, just as they would have got nowhere in England.

His other example, the Conservative opposition to the Attlee government, is more to the point, but scarcely proves his case. To take the specific item of policy concerning which Mr Crick indulged in special pleading – nuclear defence – I certainly do not remember the Conservatives raising fundamental objections of principle when the decision was made to develop an independent British deterrent. Defence policy, according to Mr Crick, 'should be a classic example of an area in which the opposition has no business to develop a rival policy'. Yet he goes on to say: 'Surely there is only one really alternative view on defence? – that we do not need or cannot afford such things'. Two points require to be made here. First, Mr Crick is, in fact, again begging the whole question at issue by taking sides in the nuclear debate: he is advocating unilateralism, which is as certainly a 'policy' as that which Mr Gaitskell has been advocating (except that his was apparently wrong in that it did not have the support of Messrs Crossman and Crick). Secondly, Mr Crick is suggesting that the opposition must *always* advocate the opposite policy to that pursued by the government: but how very foolish, if this latter is obviously the sensible one, and has the support of the large majority of the population! This seems to me to be a sure way of perpetuating one's period in opposition; for although it is true that many vote 'on the . . . ground of "the conduct of the late ministry" ', it is equally true that they will not be attracted to an opposition which opposed even those policies of the sitting government which were generally accepted as being desirable and successful. Of course, one expects to find differences of opinion in domestic matters, where the root difference between the parties lies; but there is no good reason why, for instance, the Labour Party should oppose Mr Macleod's policy in Kenya merely because it is the policy of Mr Macleod.

COLIN PEPWORTH

Brasenose College
Oxford

THE BUCHMANITES

SIR, – If MRA doesn't want to be mistaken for a Fascist movement, its propaganda department will have to do better; I happened to be living in France during the German occupation and I am uneasily struck by the similarity of tone between Moral Rearmament and what was called by Vichy *'Revolution Nationale'*: same deliberate and extensive promotion of so called 'spiritual' values, same negative anti-Communist crusade, same hatred of the pre-war 'sins' of humanism, tolerance and free thought, in short the same return to paternalist authority, theocracy and hypocrisy. One does not wish to re-open old wounds for the sake of it, but after all it is much the same merchandise we are being offered, by the same people! Mr Feather seems to object to the search for what he calls 'cosy co-existence'. Does he find total obliteration more dignified or is 'Buchmanship' brinkmanship as well? Mr Feather goes on to say that we must accept God's direction as normal in the affairs of men. But to whom does God speak his thought directly? To Frank Buchman? Mr Feather? or could it be Chiang-Kai-shek, or Adenauer or Franco? Who is going to decide when God's mind is being spoken? This kind of directive appears just as farcical as that of the other camp (At least Krushchev doesn't claim to speak in God's name), and we all know how many crimes are daily committed in his name. (I notice that South Africa is never listed among the beneficiaries of MRA!)

The dependence of the Christian on religion, and religion only – as opposed to an ideology – is a far more logical attitude; surely 'men's minds and hearts' must also include the Communists if we mean Christianity, although one would never gather this from the MRA pamphlet!

One has to oppose religion and ideology. The one is of divine origin – at least for the believer – the other human, too human. Any so-called bridge between God and man is a denial of God: one cannot translate, adapt or explain God's mind as the followers of Buchman are doing all the time. Either our religion will show itself and Communism will wither, or it won't and we shall wither. But to assume knowledge of the word of God and mix his name with our national, political and racial insanities is to serve the very cause MRA is pretending to fight. St Augustine's precept: 'Love, and do what you will' is still the cardinal commandment of Christianity.

I see more potential faith in an honest atheist than in a morally rearmed Christian. A Christian doesn't need 'rearming': it is a verbal contradiction, isn't Christ strong enough? Is he not the only 'arm'?

What is the Cross for? To throw at the Infidels?

MAURICE CAPEL

21 Huron Crescent
Cardiff

SIR, – Since MRA is an international movement, it has to take into consideration those followers who believe in God, but not in Jesus Christ. That is why the term God is utilised rather than the more restricted one, Christ.

Secondly, there can be no doubt that World War III has begun, whether we like it or not. Just because it is a cold one, it does not mean that it is not war. Ideology and trade are just as much weapons in warfare as conventional and nuclear weapons. The last global war was won eventually by the allies, not only through superior man – and weapon – power, but also by reason of greater morale and better propaganda media. Infiltration and fifth column work facilitated physical occupation of countries by Nazi Germany, and it was through infiltration of the German bureaucracy that it was possible for the Nazis to come to power. Thus to ignore such cold war techniques is suicidal.

Thirdly, coexistence is impossible with Communism, as Felix Brown should appreciate even from a superficial study of Marxist, and in particular, Leninist, writings. Communism aims at nothing less than the overthrow of our present democratic set-up. Communism and capitalism are incompatible, and Communists will only be satisfied when the world is one Socialist camp.

Fourthly, MRA is not against multilateral disarmament. But for the West to give up its nuclear armament without a foolproof assurance of the Communists' sincerity to do likewise is to invite the Communists to take over the free world

Fifthly, the statement of Frank Buchman to the effect that Hitler was a saviour is unfortunate, to say the least. But even until as late as 1938 Britain's leader still had faith in the megalomaniac; and others, too, were taken in, through good faith, by the leaders of Fascism. Pius XI, for instance, regarded Mussolini as a saviour, for quite some time.

Sixthly, to call MRA an anti-religious movement is sheer blasphemy. From contact with several MRA adherents, I can assure Felix Brown that his statement is far from the truth. Buchmanites are some of the most religious and sincere people I have met.

W. R. SILCOCK

The Mount
Dudley

AFRICA SOUTH IN EXILE

SIR, – You recently published an advertisement appeal for funds to keep *Africa South* alive, though in exile in London. It is, of course, impossible at present for the magazine to appear legally in South Africa, where the emergency regulations restrict both news and comment to a degree that makes the most shameless impudence of any claim by the South African government to the existence of a free press in the country.

We have pledged ourselves to continue giving voice to the demands of South Africa's oppressed and to keep the world informed of developments within the country by publishing first-hand, where necessary anonymous, reports. In addition, we aim at getting as many copies of each issue into South Africa as possible, that those struggling for a non-racial democracy need not feel themselves alone in their resistance to race rule. But in order to do all this we require a large sum of money, far more than we have managed to raise by our first appeal. The first issue of *Africa South in Exile* has already been published. We ask your readers to send their maximum contributions to the 'Africa South Appeal', 31A John Adam Street, WC2, that the magazine may continue its work, till it has helped to win at last the right to return, by the establishment of a free South Africa.

RONALD SEGAL

[Reference to this letter is made in London Diary. Ed. NS.]

THE HOMOSEXUAL AND THE LAW

SIR, – There is an assumption running through your in most respects excellent symposium on homosexuality, which occurs rather frequently in discussions of the subject and which must, I think, be queried. One may certainly say that the present legislation is the cause of worse problems than those it is supposed to cope with;

A Minority

The Male Homosexual in Great Britain

Gordon Westwood

Foreword by

Sir John Wolfenden

'A remarkable study of the history and social behaviour of 127 self-acknowledged male homosexuals, drawn from a wide range of occupation, age and education . . . devised with ingenuity and carried out with a technical skill and integrity which do credit to everyone concerned.' *Letitia Fairfield* THE SUNDAY TIMES

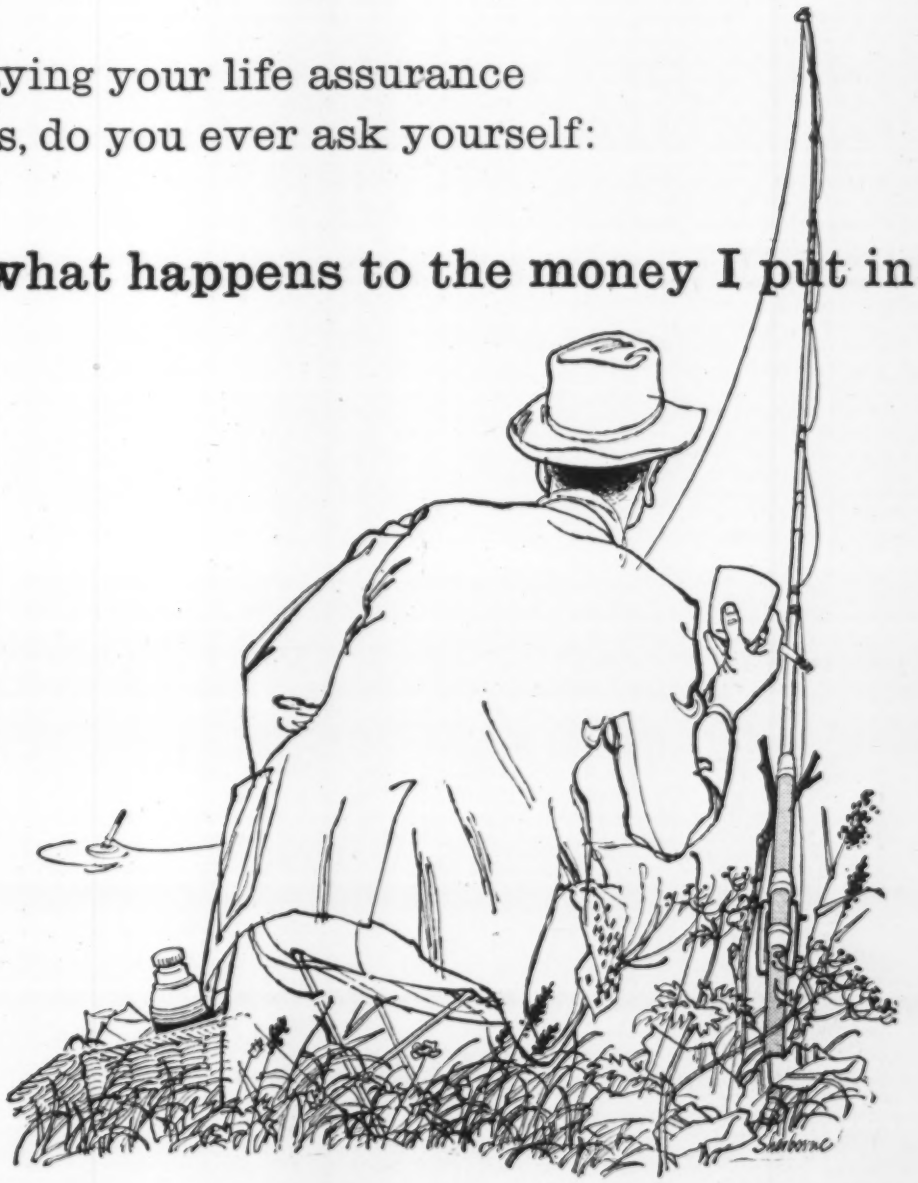
'The best factual picture we so far have . . .' *François Lafitte* THE OBSERVER

30s.

Longmans

When paying your life assurance premiums, do you ever ask yourself:

what happens to the money I put in?



Your Life Office holds this money on your behalf. It goes into the funds which represent the accumulated savings of all policyholders and it is from these funds that your claim will eventually be met. But, in the meantime, the money does not lie idle — it is expertly invested.

In Britain, the 80 competing Life Offices invest their policyholders' savings with one main purpose in mind — to make sure that the man or woman who holds a policy gets the best deal possible. A life assurance policy is a long-term contract — this calls for sound as well as fruitful investment.

Life Assurance is a business in which a very large proportion of the profits, usually 90 per cent or more, is returned in the form of bonuses to with-profit policyholders. And much more than most businesses it is concerned with *people*. You'll find that your Life Office has an understanding attitude to your personal problems.

You get a good deal from

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Issued by The Life Offices' Association, London, and Associated Scottish Life Offices, Edinburgh

one may certainly say that inconsistencies and injustices obtaining now render an urgent change quite essential.

One must not, however, jump from this to the conclusion that this is a question affecting the private lives of individuals and having no bearing on society at large. Much evidence suggests that the homosexual orientation is rather often associated with a survival into adulthood of adolescent emotional instability; a consequence of this is the high incidence of promiscuity, coupled with non-lasting intensity of emotional feeling, found among homosexuals in even comparatively 'protected' environments – i.e. in professions or groups which have high tolerance of homosexuality.

Some of this may indubitably be laid at the door of existing legislation, and if fear of punishment and blackmail were removed it would probably diminish markedly. A residue, however, remains – sufficient, I think, to indicate that homosexuality might be discouraged to the advantage of society at large. Psychologists inform us that hardly anyone is purely hetero- or purely homosexual, and latent proclivities can be catalysed by environment. It seems, then, that this is a matter for what one might call education rather than legislation – but it is a problem, nonetheless, and cannot be dismissed.

JOHN BRUNNER

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LEARNING TO READ

SIR, – As a belated Victorian, may I add a tailpiece or, rather, a preface to Mary Stewart's excellent survey of contemporary illiteracy?

As a pupil in a Wesleyan elementary school in the early Nineties, I can remember the remarkably effective method used in the teaching of reading, and one which has long been condemned and eliminated by the bureaucratic caucus now in absolute control of elementary schooling. Each member of a class of 40 read aloud from the same book in turn and the unwise child who did not 'know the place' was promptly punished. There was also daily 'dictation' of the more difficult words in the text.

As I remained in contact with this school and its equally effective Sunday school for many years, I can honestly state that, despite the fact that the pupils were drawn from all social levels, there was *no* illiteracy in the school. Similarly, there was no delinquency, simply because crime so obviously did not pay when headmasters, policemen and male parents alike tended to be eternally vigilant and uncommonly heavy-handed!

Whatever may have been the limitations of Victorian elementary schooling, it possessed the supreme virtue of being *effective* and, incidentally, at about one tenth the fantastic public cost of the present pretentious, undisciplined, primary schooling: 'So long as they're happy . . .' Personally, also, I believe that it was the quite unavoidable grounding in the Three R's which enabled me to proceed to an equally old fashioned Grammar school and then to 'Redbrick' with comparative ease.

The remedy for the present appalling prevalence of illiteracy and other defects in our contemporary and fantastically costly state schooling is, of course, almost alarmingly simple. The abolition of all prep, private and public schools would obviously compel the Establishment, also our middle and upper classes, to send their offspring to the nearest Primary School. Then, I am positive, all the present go-as-you-please nonsense would quickly vanish and that very soon supreme authority passing from the contemporary dictatorial bureaucracy, would revert to the teacher, from whom, of course, and especially in our 'tough' elementary schools, it should never have been taken away.

WM. E. KAYE

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ROAD AND RAIL

SIR, – In the report, which appeared in your issue of 11 June, of his recent interview with Mr Marples, Mr J. P. W. Mallalieu gives the impression that the Minister appears to have no confidence in the ability of British Railways to help with the transport of industrial freight, and quotes him as saying that 'road can beat rail any time on goods'.

May I present the following facts?

Over the whole of British Railways, we are now forwarding every day more than 100,000 loaded wagons of goods of all kinds, of which half reach their destination next day and most travel over long distances. In this North Eastern Region alone the comparable figure is 17,000 wagons. The number of next-day deliveries is growing fast as the re-equipment of the railways, after their long years of capital starvation, gathers speed. If the railways have been able to achieve so much with their old equipment, what will they not be able to do when modernisation, now only a few years from completion, is an accomplished fact?

I hope that the Minister will encourage this process. Other considerations apart, of which road safety and amenity are only two, (no-one has ever suggested that the average lorry is a particularly attractive object), it is surely not sound use of the nation's most precious asset, namely, its manpower, to condone, say, 50 lorries chugging 200 miles along a main road, when a single train crew can do the job faster, with less danger and much less inconvenience to others, and in reality more cheaply.

T. H. SUMMERSON
Chairman

North Eastern Area Board
British Transport Commission
York

ANATOMY OF UNIVERSITIES

SIR, – In Sir Eric Ashby's review in your issue of 11 June he writes: '(Jaspers) goes on to demonstrate how, if there were such a thing as an infallible method of selection, man would be trapped in a situation as deterministic as heredity itself.' The point is one which cannot be too much emphasised.

The aim of equality of educational opportunity for all has resulted and is resulting in an educational élite plus the 80 per cent trapped in just such a situation.

However an élite is only tolerable where at least some of its members are seen to be not worthy of election. If an élite can be shown to be in fact an élite, the despair of the non-elect will be complete. There are various answers to this problem; perfection of examination technique is certainly not one of them.

H. R. ROACH
Headmaster

Hymers College
Hull

FOULNESS DEMONSTRATORS

SIR, – With reference to your paragraph in London Diary about the Foulness Nuclear Disarmament demonstrators who were imprisoned for six months on 2 May, it may interest your readers to know that a march in their support is being organised by the Foulness Prisoners' Committee on Saturday, 16 July, starting at 11 a.m. at Bryanston Street, Marble Arch. The Committee earnestly hope the march will be well attended.

Since the demonstrators' only object in accepting a long prison sentence was to win converts for the cause of nuclear disarmament, it is to be hoped that all sympathisers will talk and write as much as possible about the sentence and the reasons for it.

DOROTHY HUNT

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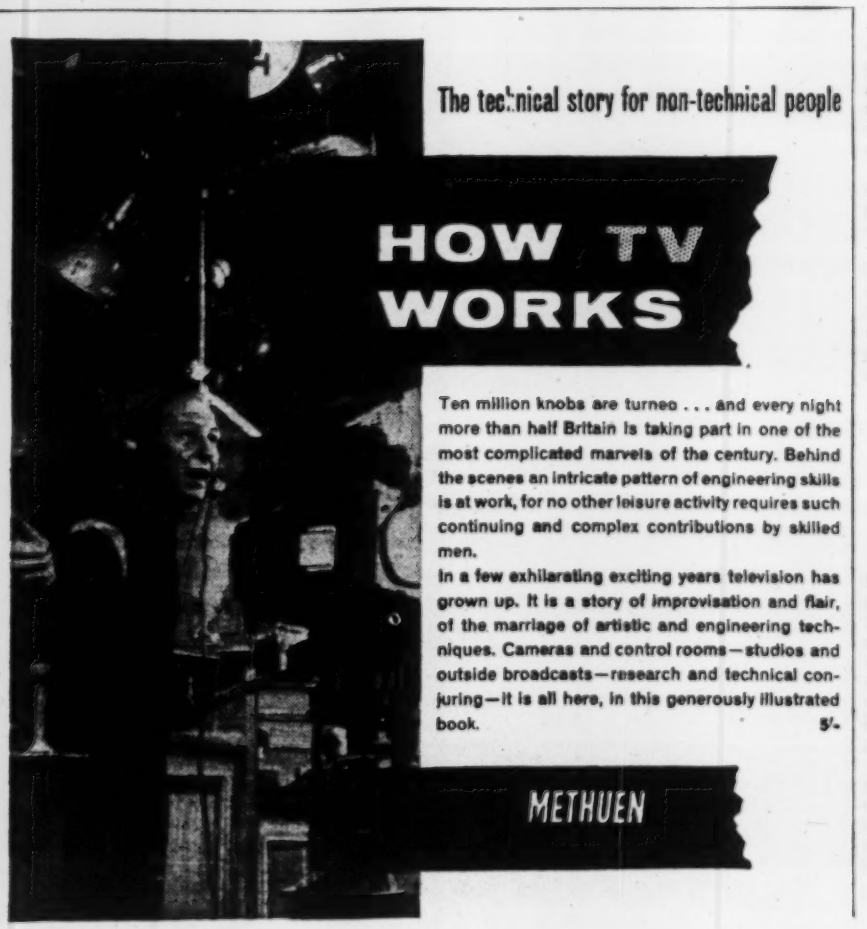
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METHUEN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Ibsen Restored

IBSENISM is dead, and Ibsen is very much alive. This is more than could have been expected, even ten years ago. It was always surprising that the one unquestionably major dramatist of the last three centuries could have been reduced, even temporarily, to a documentary tractarian, but Shaw, who largely accomplished the reduction, was always exceptionally persuasive. Now the quintessence of Ibsenism has shrivelled and vanished, while the plays survive to reach larger audiences than at any time since they were written.

At 35, with eight plays written, Ibsen was unsuccessful and desperately poor. Within a few months he went into his long exile from Norway, and rejected the theatre of his time. From this break, eventually, came the reconstruction of modern European drama. Of the two new literary forms which appeared in the eighteenth century with the rise of a new middle class, the novel grew to maturity through more than a century of work by a score of masters, but the new drama matured only in the life's work of Ibsen himself. Modern poetic drama, modern naturalism and modern expressionism are the fruits of his work from 1865 to the end of the century, from *Brand* through *Rosmersholm* to *When We Dead Awaken*.

The structure of feeling within which Ibsen worked is exceptionally firm and continuous. It is possible to see all his mature work in terms of the interaction and tension between the two forces of vocation and debt. The calling to build new life, to realise a creative potential, is opposed by the drag of the past – the fixed habits, the commitments entered into, the simple darkness of guilt and old lies – and there, in living tissue, is the dramatic action of living in the present. At the personal level, the pattern runs deep in all the processes of growth, and in this sense the drama is permanent. But the pattern is also, in a particular historical sense, the general life of Ibsen's own time and ours. The failure and corruption of ideals, the hammered distinction between individual and social interests, the guilt and frustration (and the magical gestures, the covering superstitions, to assuage them) within successful bourgeois society: these link Ibsen to us, in ordinary general experience, interlocking, as they must, with the primary tensions of all growth. The late-nineteenth-century causes, to which it was supposed Ibsen was dedicated, and the detail of late-nineteenth-century topical representation, which it was thought was the greatness of his art, would now simply drag the plays down into an antiquated Ibsenism, if the real sources of the drama, the fundamental dramatic art, were not of a quite different order. It is not that the personal themes survive, while the social themes retreat into history. It is that Ibsen's reading of man and society expressed an age and a whole culture rather rather than a period and a series of issues. To cut this deep is to cut into granite.

In contemporary drama we have moved very little beyond Ibsen's structure of feeling. Brecht, in his late work, and Arthur Miller, tentatively, have reached some way beyond it, by attempting to conceive a reality of common growth which might transcend the deadlock in which vocation and debt tear and break the individual. Eliot, with exceptional power, has collapsed the tension: by diminishing the substance of the vocation, giving men in their ordinary course truly nothing to live for, he has altered the quality of debt and the drag of the past. A little life is blown in this ash by some of our younger dramatists, with at least the assertion of a future and present worth living, but still the main weight of Western drama and fiction is in the old direction. There is even some danger of a new shadow Ibsenism, in which the plays would be assimilated into this late phase of the literature of failure. We have learned from our literature how to drink the hemlock, and to examine the dregs; we have forgotten that the hemlock was preceded by a lifetime's effort to learn and to teach. Just as Ibsen was reduced to a simple progressive (the darkness and necessary complication being largely ignored), so now he can be reduced to the collapsed tension, as in ordinary discussion Pasternak was reduced: we may revive the plays to celebrate the defeats, finding our own characteristic satisfaction as Brand, Rosmer, Solness, Rubek (like Zhivago) are broken and die, and managing to forget why they lived, what they wanted to do, and the life that in spite of everything they communicate. Only in two or three minor plays did Ibsen ever collapse this tension himself. We shall do the plays, and ourselves, no service, if we forget that his tragic heroes fall only from the heights of a real effort to live.

Did Ibsenism matter? Does this shadow Ibsenism matter now? Have we not still the plays, with their own kind of permanence? It is never as easy as this, for even in works in our own language the ordinary process of a selective tradition tends to convert the literature of the past into our own artifact. And Ibsen wrote in a minor European language, itself subject to change, and of course necessarily subject to translation. There has been general agreement, for some time, that the old Collected Edition (usually called Archer, though all the translations are not his) would, for all its virtues, have to be replaced. After considerable delay, things are happening now with a rush, and we shall have to wait for some time, re-reading and listening, to know which if any of the many new translations may be taken as standard for a reasonable time ahead. There have just been published four plays in translation by Mr Michael Meyer, and one by Mr James Forsyth*. It is worth looking through these, to try to arrive at a provisional estimate.

The 'Archer' versions were normally literal, and line-by-line. In the case of the verse-plays, the original metres were ordinarily reproduced. In *Brand*, for example, which was actually translated by Herford, the four-foot iambic and trochaic lines are copied, and parts of the complicated rhyme-scheme, which includes many couplets. Here is one central statement in the play, in the three versions:

> One thing is yours you may not spend,
> Your very inmost Self of all.
> You may not bind it, may not bend,
> Nor stem the river of your call.
> To make for ocean is its end.
>
> (*Herford*)

> One thing a man cannot give: his soul.
> He cannot deny his calling.
> He dare not block that river's course;
> It forces its way towards the ocean.
>
> (*Meyer*)

> One gift a man dares not give,
> is the mission by which his soul must live;
> for to dam up the river of the soul
> is to watch life wither where it grew.
>
> (*Forsyth*)

For all its stiffness, the Herford is in many ways nearest to Ibsen: that bare, tight statement, enforced by regularity of metre and definiteness of rhyme, is very much his style. Yet in longer passages, the case is different:

> From a childish scene that still
> Lives in my mind, and ever will,
> That seams my soul with foul device
> Like an infestering cicatrice.
> It was an autumn evening. Dead
> Was father; you lay sick in bed.
> I stole where he was laid by night,
> All pallid in the silver light.
> I stood and watched him from my nook,
> Saw how his two hands clasp'd the Book;
> I marvell'd why he slept so long,
> Mark'd his thin wrists, and smelt the strong
> Odour of linen newly dried;
> And then I heard a step outside;
> A woman enter'd . . .
>
> (*Herford*)

> A memory from childhood. Something
> I cannot forget. It was an autumn evening.
> Father was dead. I crept in to where he lay
> Pale in the candlelight. I stood
> And stared at him from a corner. He was holding
> A psalmbook. I wondered why he slept so deeply,
> And why his wrists were so thin; and I remember
> The smell of clammy linen. Then I heard
> A step on the stair. A woman came in.
>
> (*Meyer*)

> That autumn night that father died.
> You were said to be sick all day.
> So, I sneaked in to where he lay
> as pale as soap in the candlelight,
> then stopped and stood, in awe of his face

* *Brand; The Lady from the Sea; John Gabriel Borkman; When We Dead Awaken.* By HENRIK IBSEN. Trans. MICHAEL MEYER. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.* each.
Brand. By HENRIK IBSEN. Trans. JAMES FORSYTH. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

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MACDONALD

in the final sleep. In that shadowy place
I noted the smell of unaired sheets;
and how his fingers held the Book,
though his wrists were slim and weak;
and then I heard steps on the stair;
and a woman came in.

(*Forsyth*)

It is easy to see why the Herford will not do, either for reading or performance. Both Meyer and Forsyth have produced more usable and convincing versions, though with some evident loss of tone: the speech is one of hard attacking rhetoric, whereas the Meyer and Forsyth versions tend to convert the accusing memory into a self-absorbed reminiscence – we hear something of the voices of Eliot and Fry behind the façade of Ibsen. This is perhaps a necessary price to pay for a contemporary stage version, and the skill and sensibility of both translators are evident, but at least we must be aware of what has happened. It must be noted also that Meyer has cut and Forsyth has condensed the play (Forsyth has also rearranged it from five acts to three); this is justifiable for an acting version, but in book form the full text would have been infinitely preferable.

Michael Meyer's versions of the prose plays raise less difficulties. At the same time, the change from Archer seems much less. I take at random, from *When We Dead Awaken:*

Rubek: All this talk about the artist's vocation and the artist's mission and so forth began to strike me as being very empty, and hollow, and ultimately meaningless.

Maia: What would you put in its place then?

Rubek: Life . . .

(*Archer*)

Rubek: I meant, it suddenly occurred to me that all this talk about the task of the artist and the vocation of the artist was empty, hollow and meaningless.

Maia: Well, what do you want instead?

Rubek: Life . . .

(*Meyer*)

Though we should certainly be grateful to Mr Meyer, Mr Forsyth and others for producing lively and flexible translations that will lead to many new productions, we must be wary of the ritual abuse of Archer already accumulating from reviewers. And while it is vitally important to keep Ibsen being read and played, it is equally important, with a writer who has suffered so much from his helpers and servers, to keep an independent check. As he said of the Norwegians, when he went into exile:

> My child shall never, with my consent, belong to a people whose aim it is to become Englishmen rather than human beings.

His English translators and critics will recognise the problem, but also the warning.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

The Swimmer

Where the white palisades reach the lake
I turn in the tide.
Slowly I wake
To distance and the far shore and the self that crowds
The self; but no further than the bounds
Of an inland sea. My eyes, blurred, read
Scrolls of the air. I hear no sounds
But of wings and the waters;
And then the cry of birds, thunders of knotted clouds
In the oceanic sky.

Let me turn in the cataract my hands make,
Turn to the dream
Made for my sake,
Surges of water flood me till I turn
And my every fibre lend
To the crack of whatever whisper come.
Or let annihilation send
The galactic crash of waters
Uncontained till I forget and again learn
The words of the sky.

HARRY STRICKHAUSEN

The Friendly Emperors

Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells: A Record of a Personal and Literary Friendship. Edited with an Introduction by HARRIS WILSON. *Hart-Davis*. 25s.

Wells's last letter to Bennett (7 October 1930) in this collection of the correspondence between the two novelists – the latest product from the Urbana, Illinois, literary assembly line – begins: 'Arnold you are a dear. You are the best friend I've ever had'. After reading this exchange of letters, one doesn't doubt it was true. Bennett, not yet Arnold but still E. A., had begun the correspondence in 1897, enclosing a review of *The Invisible Man* and enquiring about Wells's associations with Burslem, the scene of the beginning of *The Time Machine* and of the short story 'The Cone'. At the time, Bennett was unknown except as the editor of *Woman*, and Wells already established; but they were much of an age, came from the same social class, even to the point – which Mr Wilson does not mention in his introduction – of having by a remarkable coincidence shared the same schoolmaster, and were both without any assets other than their native talents. Almost from the beginning, it seems, the nature of their relationship was settled.

It was based on mutual respect and affection. But this does not explain the more than 30 years of concord that existed between them. Wells was a difficult man, touchy, quarrelsome, impatient, without, one thinks, much self-control; apt, in the end, as in the friendship with Henry James, to blow up and burst. Bennett, as he once explained to Desmond MacCarthy, was 'a n-nice man'; if anything, he suffered from an excess of self-control. One is conscious, throughout the correspondence, of his forbearance. Bennett had no small opinion of himself, but he knew he wasn't a genius. He knew that Wells was, and made no bones about it. Accordingly, he was prepared to adapt and adjust.

Yet of itself this is not enough to account for the years of close friendship between the two men. As Wells makes plain in *Experiment in Autobiography*, each at the beginning of his career saw the other as his pacemaker in the race to fame and success. They

were rivals, at least in the sense that each saw the other as the measure of his own progress. There ought to have been jealousy between them. There wasn't; and the reason seems to lie in the difference between the kinds of talent they possessed. *Tono-Bungay* is one thing, *The Old Wives' Tale* something else. They may have been rivals, but they weren't in competition. That they were always a bit wary of each other I think these letters show. At times one is reminded of two equally powerful emperors who can exist on the friendliest terms and have the highest regard for each other because there are a thousand miles of ocean between their territories.

At the same time – and this seems germane to the relation between them – they knew each other extremely well. They had each other taped from very early days. Thus Wells writes: 'The clever Bennett is going to be a fearful job for the artist Bennett to elude' and 'Not too much of *How to become an Author* – not too much of all that sort of thing. Cut your channel deeper.' Bennett in his turn comments:

> You aren't an artist, except insofar as you disdainfully make use of art for your reforming ends; you are simply a reformer . . . Like all great reformers you are inhuman, and scornful of everything that doesn't interest you . . . You are concerned in big-crowd movements. Art, really, you hate. It means to you what 'arty' means to me . . . And the mischief is that, though you will undoubtedly do a vast amount of good in the world, you will get worse and worse, more and more specialised, more and more scornful . . .

That was Bennett in 1905. Characteristically, he adds: 'All this is not an explanation of you; but an explanation of me. It "connotes" the difference between our minds'.

This record of a friendship may not add much to our knowledge of its subjects; but, all the same, it is pleasant to have. Writers as a class are probably no more quarrelsome than any other category of men, but, simply because they are writers, their quarrels quickly become public property. This is one literary friendship to set against the rows and the backbiting.

WALTER ALLEN

Looking at the Great Leap Forward

China in the Morning. By NICHOLAS WOLLASTON. *Cape*. 25*s*.

One Chinese Moon. By J. TUZO WILSON. *Joseph*. 21*s*.

The Lotus and the Dynamo. By C. D. ROWLEY. *Angus & Robertson*. 25*s*.

'To travel on my own, waywardly, among ordinary people,' Mr Wollaston explains, 'was what I had wanted to do in China'. What he was in fact able to do – in 1958, after waiting about a year for a visa – was something rather different; and the difference between the two is the reason why Mr Wollaston, though finding much to admire in China, found even more to fill him with frustration and disappointment. He went into China from Hong Kong – 'a mixture of Sydney Harbour and the Place Pigalle' – and spent some days in and around Canton before taking the train for Peking. Thence he travelled to Manchuria, to Mukden, the steel works of Anshan, 'a well-trodden trail'; then back to Peking and westwards through the heart of China to Sian and on to Chengtu and Chungking, and finally to Yunnan. There he breathes a sigh of relief and escapes to Indo-China in a state of 'pent-up fury' but patiently reminding himself – and his readers – that the new China is exciting, dynamic, and often deserving of enthusiastic praise: 'If I were a Chinese I'd certainly add my flower to the altar of Chairman Mao.'

So why the 'pent-up fury'? Because all the time Mr Wollaston has been straining at the leash. Bounced from one eager propagandist to the next, led blandly along the straight and narrow path from factory to commune, from creche to co-operative, Mr Wollaston somehow feels that he is not seeing the real thing. Hoping to wander casually into basements, attics, kitchens, he is put off, he seems to suggest, with the mere facade. Like all visitors to revolutionary China, he is resolutely channelled to the things and scenes that revolutionary Chinese think important – the strictly non-wayward, contra-casual fields of inquiry that make up the 'Great Leap Forward'. It takes a powerful sense of the politically dramatic to breathe descriptive life into that sort of journey, especially if one doesn't know the language; and Mr Wollaston seldom tries. At the same time he is too conscientious not to feel that maybe he ought to try, and here and there he does have a stab at it. But touring factories (and who will blame him?) was not his notion of interesting travel; and the result is a book which grumbles and reverberates with a constant warfare between what actually happened to him and what he would have liked to happen to him. So it's a book that is neither one thing nor the other – neither a good reporter's survey nor a worthy vehicle for Mr Wollaston's graceful and amusing prose.

The fault, one may argue, lay with China's hide-bound propagandists. Perhaps. But shouldn't Mr Wollaston have known better? Revolutions are not really interesting unless loved or hated: whimsically or waywardly observed, they are all too often a thundering bore, and rather disagreeable into the bargain. Regrettably or not, the time is past when China offers fit material for the seeker after the peculiar or the picturesque. There is no doubt a great deal left of both, but the hasty traveller from the West is unlikely to find it. What he will certainly find is the anti-peculiar and the anti-picturesque; and if that doesn't satisfy him he had probably best not go at all.

When Mr Wollaston gets to Communist Vietnam, things become worse still. His 'conducting bureaucrat' – a Mr Y – will be recognised at once, by anyone who has ever travelled in a Communist country, as a prime specimen of the awful type. Here, indeed, the traveller had difficulty in seeing even the facade. He wanted to go to a prison, but –

> It was not convenient for the prison staff, said Mr Y. Why couldn't I go to a school? They were all on holiday. A university? So were they. To a national minority up in the hills? It was the wrong season and the roads were impassable . . .

Wisely, Mr Wollaston proceeded on his way. Yet it is only on page 181, after penetrating the wilderness where Laos frontiers on Cambodia, that he at last gets a taste of what he was really after, and spends a day 'among real people, warm and human'. This is rather late in the journey, given the miles he has covered by now, and it says everything for his charm as a writer that the reader hasn't long since pitched his book out of the window. The reader, if he is anything like me, will do nothing of the kind but will go on avidly to the end, enjoying Mr Wollaston in

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CHATTO & WINDUS

spite of all his troubles and hoping against hope that he will find one or two other 'real human people' among the many on his way. It doesn't happen, needless to say (except for an interesting Russian who is disappointingly not followed up), and the book ends appropriately with a comment on the stone figures of Angkor. They, at any rate, don't say no.

Professor Wilson is the Canadian president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics. He spent a month in China as guest of the Academia Sinica. Written in rollicking Rotary Club style with some pretty awful puns for chapter headings, his report is a curious ragbag of information, and it is hard to know on what principle, if any, it was got together. For instance, the simple job of changing travellers' cheques is recounted blow by blow; but there is also much esoteric stuff about seismic equipment. Yet this is a useful book because completely unpretentious and transparently honest. Professor Wilson saw much to dislike in China, but even more to admire; and he ends with a sensible and convincing plea for sanity about Communist China. That this plea is addressed primarily to North Americans doesn't in any way lessen its value here. Parts of this book, notably the author's account of his attempts (finally successful) to buy a ticket in Moscow for the rail journey to Peking, should also be obligatory reading for all agents of *Inturist*.

The Lotus and the Dragon is a worthy collection of 'personal observations' gathered by a former official of UNESCO after visiting parts of South-East Asia. It reads like some kind of extended report to a staff magazine. It is hard to read.

BASIL DAVIDSON

POLITICAL MESSIANISM:

The Romantic Phase

J. L. Talmon

Few works of historical scholarship can have had the impact on contemporary political thinking of Professor Talmon's *Origins of Totalitarian Democracy*. In his new book he carries his researches on into the first half of the nineteenth century, examining in particular the religious element in political theory of the period, contrasted with the challenging growth and importance of scientific discoveries.
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Big Sister

South of Lisbon. By FRANK E. HUGGETT. *Gollancz. 21s.*

The picture on the dust-cover of this book suggests that Mr Huggett has written one more light tourist guide to Portugal and, especially to the picturesque peasant. He has done something far more important. He is a serious traveller torn between anger and affection who tries to arrive at a just estimate of Portuguese character as life and literature reveal it. He is also aware that Portugal is a terrible warning to retired Empire-builders like ourselves. Iberians are fond of hinting that we are likely to slip into their way of life when northern civilisations have lost their will or have been ruined by another war; if we do we shall have sunk (Mr Huggett conveys) into the undistinguished and provincial stagnation, the pathos that Portugal offers. In private life we shall be ruled by soured matriarchs and in public life, by Big Sister, who will mock at our incompetent rebellions, and tell us to dream of our glorious past, while we struggle to make ends meet. Mr Huggett's anger is not continuous; it is not, as one might expect, chiefly political. His anger is simply one of the moods of a profoundly interesting love-hate affair with the Portuguese. He has had a strongly-felt experience. He has tried to discover why a people who made such a stupendous effort in the great ages of discovery should have become paralysed by dreams and lethargy. The result is a book for which many Portuguese will thank him and many abuse him, but it is one of the few modern books on the country worth reading.

There are two main criticisms that must be made before discussing Mr Huggett's enquiry. He lived mainly among the poor and travelled all over the country, but his base was in the poor South, in the very exceptional region of the Algarve. This overweights the book. The second criticism is hard to put concisely. I think his estimate of character underrates the stoical, level-headed, practical commonsense of the people. Unlike the Spaniards, they believe in work; they despise the self-dramatisation, indolence and rhetoric of the other side of the frontier. They are even efficient. They have been called the Flemings of southern Europe – domestic, prosaic, clean (though Mr Huggett thinks not), busy, rather dull. In some departments they are even too efficient: the state of neglect into which many historic Spanish places are allowed to fall is unknown to Portuguese monuments which are restored with reckless industry. In an important historical and living respect, Portugal has its back to Spain and is much closer to the brisker western maritime countries. Until the awful losses of the First World War, Portugal had a much stronger liberal tradition than the Spaniard had; there was not the same liability to violence; there was a 'weak' Church. The nation's relations with Brazil were far closer and more amicable than the Spaniards' relations with their ex-colonies. In spite of Salazar's mystical atavism, these traditional virtues still exist, although Salazar's Kafka-esque State has weakened the general will. He has weakened it by exploiting the national weakness for retiring into a dream world.

Here, I suppose, Mr Huggett finds his justification for dwelling moodily on what is not positive. The country is terribly poor; it has one of the highest death-rates in Europe. The average income is about £70 a year. The middle classes are straitened and the very poor are hungry. But (Mr Huggett wondered) if the poor were everywhere, where were the rich? Little sign of them. If there is wealth it is not displayed, as it is in Italy. It looks as though the life of the rich has not changed much since Beckford's time. Too torpid or close to enjoy their wealth or use it, they are also too dull to be great benefactors or great sinners. They share in the general lack of distinction.

What is at the bottom of the Portuguese malaise? Mr Huggett watched the carnival in his little town: it introduced him to the segregation of the sexes, the marriage market, the gloomy frustration of the men – the married indifferent to their wives, the unmarried forced by frustration to dream of ideal love. I have seen many Portuguese satirical drawings on this precise theme. Life had gone bad. Ideals, dreams, memories were the reality; *saudade* or longing replaced passion. Historically Portugal is the country of separations, absences, distances – people are over the sea. Reality has come to mean remembering:

> For the Portuguese each person, each event must be taken not for what it is, but for what it will be when it is past . . . It is impossible for them to understand fully a temporal feeling, such as worry, a parasitic feeling which bloats itself on some usually imaginary fear about the future. They do not have a word exactly equivalent: they can be angry, afflicted, preoccupied, triste, tormented but never worried.

And Mr Huggett found another clue when he went out tunny fishing – it's the real equivalent to the Spanish bullfight:

> It was not trade nor religion that made Portugal great; but devotion to the sea and another complex of feelings and attitudes – *loucura*. It is more than vanity, more than bravery – it is a needlessly mad courage which tempts fate to destroy and introduces into some simple actions a complicated danger.

There is also the strong belief that the country has been struck down at crucial moments by Fate – the terrible defeat by the Moors in Africa, the Lisbon earthquake, the catastrophic losses during the first World War. For the last the price has been the adroitly timed cult of Fatima; and Salazar, who has turned their life – and in a very real, bureaucratic sense – into something like K's hopeless, frustrated and forever mystifying attempts to get to the Castle – a castle that is never quite there.

Out of these evils the Portuguese have been skilful in contriving a melancholy consolation. No Saviour has turned up and so

> each Portuguese searches in personal life for some salvation, some eternal friendship. Lopsidedly they approach life, weighed down by their passion and their feeling, coming too close to life too often. Formality and patience are their only protection against the injuries life inflicts, but beneath these surface levels they live another passionate, sensitive life, putting much feeling and little thought into every chance encounter, emotionally perceptive of changing moods and feelings, but mentally impercipient of character and motive and therefore always being swindled, cheated and abused. Like all highly emotional people they are apt to be hurt often by others and dishonest with themselves.

Through many vivid scenes Mr Huggett follows his argument. When, after six months or so, he got back to France, Britain and Western life, he had been sufficiently possessed by Portugal to be shocked by what he found among us. The best travellers are rarely obliging.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Authentic Clutty

Official Secret. By Clayton Hutton. *Max Parrish.* 18*s.*

Major Clayton Hutton ('Clutty' to some of us but not to the Army Council), the man who nursed so many secrets during the war that the Service Departments have always pretended not to know him, still nurses one piece of knowledge that you wouldn't find in the *Manual of Military Law*: he has an assurance from the Air Ministry that they can 'say absolutely anything they like, true or untrue, regardless of the damage they may do to anyone like him'. It was in the exercise of this useful power that, in 1955, they insisted that a ghosted version of this remarkable story must contain the following paragraph, purporting to have been written by himself but really shoved in without his knowledge:

> For all dubious decisions and unorthodox behaviour I accept full responsibility. My tale, therefore, concerns my activities only, and not those of any organised group; and I take this opportunity, right at the outset, of dissociating myself completely from all services machinery.

There was a certain amount of unorthodox behaviour in the ghosted version, but there is a lot more in this one. Far from evading responsibility for it, Clutty is a man to whom unorthodoxy is a kind of revealed religion. But when he read that paragraph, he lapsed into orthodoxy. He got a High Court injunction to stop publication of the book until the offending passage was removed, his own copyright in the book proclaimed, and his identity as its principal character declared. *Official Secret* is the authentic, unexpurgated, much more entertaining version of a book called *The Hidden Catch;* the full story, at last, of the countless 'escape aids' which enabled British and allied prisoners of war to elude capture in enemy territory and to break out of prison camps. And unlikely as it seems unless you meet the man, they were all thought up by one inventive, restless, wildly enthusiastic gadgeteer, Clayton Hutton of the Intelligence Corps.

There are two distinct parts of this book. The first describes the nightmarish, potty ingenuity of the escape gadgets – fountain pens and fly-buttons containing compasses, flying-boots with detachable uppers that made a warm waistcoat, leaving a pair of civilian shoes to disarm suspicion, 'needle guns' with which Parisians helped the Resistance by firing little darts into the backs of Nazi necks, while the rumour was carefully put round that the darts were poisoned – dozens of crazily-conceived and unworkable devices that turned out to be well-planned and worked like a charm. As a kind of GOC Do It Yourself Warfare, Clutty has escaped being a legend only because hitherto there has been no one to tell the whole tale as he can tell it. He was known to individual service chiefs, factory-owners, big shopkeepers and others as a persistent little man (obviously with Churchill behind him) trying to embroil them in schemes too scatty to be mentioned later to anyone for fear of ridicule; and, the job done and the war over, he duly became known to the censorship officers as a monument to the futility of a war which could kill so many and leave people like him at large. He resolutely declined to go away somewhere and die or keep bees.

This is where the second part of the book takes up, and highly enjoyable it is. In the New Statesman of 28 April, 1956, I tried to outline the story (as he told it once to me) of his long battle with the brass-hats, and the attempt to prosecute him at Bow Street for failing to give up gadgets the public had long been handling perplexedly in dozens of 'Army surplus store' shops. But here is the story in full – factual, racily told, incredible of course, and obviously true. If only you can close your mind for one moment to the tragedy of war, what a comic opera the rest of it is!

C. H. Rolph

Imagination and Effort

Seeing is Believing. By Charles Tomlinson. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Come Dance with Kitty Stobling. By Patrick Kavanagh. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Fugue and Shorter Pieces. By John Holloway. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

At first sight, Charles Tomlinson seems to be a descriptive poet:

> Light swept perpendicular
> Into the leaf-mass
> Flickers out, only to reappear momentarily
> Stippling remoter clumps –

only more accurate than the usual British evoker of landscapes, buildings, and 'foreign cities'. Yet when one looks more closely, one sees that Tomlinson is less concerned to describe the object than to understand our perception of the object. 'There are portraits and still-lifes', he says, and his poems consider what happens when the rich merchant perceives the bowl of fruit. In 'A Meditation on John Constable', he writes:

> A descriptive painter? If delight
> Describes, which wrings from the brush
> The errors of a mind, so tempered,
> It can forgo all pathos; for what he saw
> Discovered what he was . . .

Tomlinson's thought could be called aesthetic objectivism, a poetry of 'the unsymbolic rose'. In 'Antecedents' he rejects the aesthetic nihilism of Mallarmé, and says:

> Out of the shut cell of that solitude there is
> One egress, past point of interrogation.
> Sun is, because it is not you; . . .

Other exits have been few: Thom Gunn praises volition, and there are advocates of bourgeois reality. Objectivism has never been happy in its aesthetic until Tomlinson developed it. William Carlos Williams has stopped short of argument, and Wallace Stevens never really stood outside the cage.

So Tomlinson is unique, among his generation, in putting forward a system of thought; we do well to remember that all the major poets of the past hundred years have found it necessary to hang their individual poems on the structure of some system. But his thought would be nothing if his verse were not something. His perceptions convince us because he is a master of his craft. He is the first Englishman to write *vers libre* with skill (the free verse of Lawrence is another thing). He uses grammar to imitate the movement of his thought, his verbs are strong, his language is never lazy or hackneyed. His poems have the finality of form which you find only among the first-rate. Also, Tomlinson is a deeply moral writer, and not merely in the battle against subjectivism and nihilism. When he writes 'On the Hall at Stowey'; or describes 'The Ruin' – in an age 'gross with poverty of utility' – his sense of the past combines with his magnificent eye to make architecture the moral emblem of our society. I should say

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that, of all the Englishmen writing today, he makes the greatest use of what is specifically English; he is cosmopolitan enough to appreciate what is indigenous. And of all the young Englishmen who write poems, he is the one who most combines ambition with imagination.

There is another kind of poet, all unphilosophical and no nonsense, who is more popular now. It is difficult to review Patrick Kavanagh after Charles Tomlinson because they are opposites – and because Kavanagh is good anyway. Though he derides common sense and glorifies the poet, Kavanagh could be described as a Celtic Philip Larkin, or a drinking man's R. S. Thomas. He is conscious of his role:

> The problem that confronts me **here**
> Is to be eloquent yet sincere;
> Let myself rip and not go phon**ey**
> In an inflated testimony.

What's best to report is that he succeeds. There are at least seven or eight poems here which men will remember, and in the whole book there is *no* fakery and *no* cliché. So for all his bar-fly anti-intellectualism, Kavanagh is strong in the moral virtues which are supposed to accompany brains.

If Tomlinson and Kavanagh could be said to share anything, it would be a feeling for what is right in language – a feeling as instinctive as an athlete's movement. John Holloway's *The Fugue* lacks precisely this quality. Most English poetry which fails is simply incompetent, but this book uses an inventive variety of metrical forms, and performs them faithfully; it does not pretend to emotions it cannot demonstrate; it has few obvious faults of any kind – only it does not *move*. There is a kind of tastelessness of phrase ('fugueing everywhere') which gives the clue. 'The dancer's body falters through its language To ape the greater body of the dance'. Only insensitivity to the associations of words can use 'ape' as a synonym for 'imitate' in a line which concerns a graceful art. Holloway's failure is not the sort that hurts the tradition of poetry, for his craft is rigorous as far as it is capable. But it does not serve to reveal a poet, a real man speaking an exact language. Effort is nothing without imagination.

DONALD HALL

Dürrenmatt's Little Game

A Dangerous Game. By FRIEDRICH DÜRRENMATT. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

They've been telling us for years that Herr Dürrenmatt is a man to watch for. 'The best known of modern Swiss authors' is not, perhaps, a very happy compliment: we think of the famous Butlerism. And Herr Dürrenmatt is a good deal more than that. He is one of the two or three really distinguished reputations in the German-speaking world; and Brecht's only legitimate heir as a dramatist. *The Visit* has at long last been lured to London; and we now have a chance to inspect the play they've been calling Herr Dürrenmatt's masterpiece. Last year we had his novel, *The Pledge*, which was widely acclaimed. Here is a further specimen of Herr Dürrenmatt's disturbing art.

You don't have to read much of Herr Dürrenmatt to pin down his chief obsession: Justice. He is very fond of a good murder, and none of his pieces can do without a hangman. In the present tale, the hangman sits with the other guests at the dinner-table, devouring his portion. The crime, in this case, is hardly one that a normal court of law would consider capital. Herr Traps, a commercial traveller, breaks down in a remote Swiss village. A retired judge offers to put him up for the night; he has some friends to dinner – would Herr Traps care to join the party? He does so; he even consents to join in 'the little game' the old men play every evening. His host will play judge, two of the guests will prosecute and defend, and Herr Traps will play the accused. Splendid fun, thinks Herr Traps. There are five members of the party in all: the fifth, of course, is the ex-public hangman.

And the crime? It has only to be looked for. Herr Traps is a successful businessman. Not long ago, his former boss died of a heart-attack. His was a delicate constitution. Herr Traps had, it appears, started something with his wife. The old man got to hear of it. Died shortly after. Shock? Murder? Manslaughter? Malice aforethought? In Herr Dürrenmatt's sight shall no man living be justified. Amid general hilarity, Herr Traps is condemned to the rope. At dawn the party breaks up; Herr Traps retires to his room. His fellow-guests linger, a gaggle of lascivious old men, to make out a monstrous mock death-warrant. When they stagger up to his room, to present him with their handiwork, Herr Traps' body is swinging gently to and fro by the lighted window.

Don't read Dürrenmatt if you need a good night's sleep; but read him.

JOHN MANDER

New Novels

The Householder. By R. PRAWER JHABVALA. *Murray.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Gamesters. By PETER DE POLNAY. *W. H. Allen.* 15*s.*

The Paper Wall. By IRA MORRIS. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

Barbary Coast. By MICHAEL LEWIS. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

The modern Indian comedy – tragicomic, naturally, with if possible Chekhovian affinities – is a pleasing genre, rather a rare one. Mrs Jhabvala is particularly well equipped for it. She is of Polish origin, English educated, now married to a Parsee and settled in Delhi. *The Householder* is a delightfully lively and mobile story of a bad patch in the life of a young Hindu schoolteacher. Prem is suffering from an accumulation of worries like a character in a Western night-starvation strip. He can't keep order in class; he has landlord trouble, mother trouble, and mother-in-law trouble. He gets so depressed that he consults a swami who emits a glow of vague benevolence, but neither he nor Prem's bustling European friend, Hans, can provide much solace. Towards the end the return of his young pregnant wife, who has been staying with her mother, suddenly induces in him a fit of self-reliance and maturity. This, though it is perhaps out of proportion to Prem's circumstances, seems, with its emphasis on the aura of virility attaching to the young husband's prestige, to have something specifically Indian about it, and does not unbalance the novel with a too easy happy ending; anyway there is plenty more trouble for Prem round the corner. Mrs Jhabvala has much talent. The detail of Prem's daily round, school and domestic, is beautifully done. There are some delicious little comic scenes between Prem and his headmaster, Mr Khanna, and his absurd wife, characters who almost suggest an Indian Dickens. This is a short slight novel but everybody in it is a character in his own right.

I was much entertained by *The Gamesters*. These addicts are habitués of the casino at Cannes. The title may suggest a Zolaesque treatment. It is in fact ironical. These Anglo-American remittance men and women and undeads are fairly petty gamblers. Most of them are adapted after a fashion to the casino habitat. Some unconscious sense of self-preservation keeps them, though always in debt and scrounging on each other and everybody, from total catastrophe. They just manage, as they say in their casino language, to defend themselves. The story, which follows a line similar to that of *The Rock Pool*, is provided by the appalling disintegration of Jeremy Gray, a young conservative politician, one of the new Tory thinkers, almost a *Crossbow* type, engaged to a huge horse-faced rich Englishwoman. He becomes utterly obsessed by roulette and baccarat – like being addicted simultaneously to heroin and cocaine. Towards the end he darts back to London, where all can be very easily forgiven and forgotten, but only to raise the wind for another attack on the casino. The last we see of him he is happy to be back, waiting, with his cosy blowsy fellow addicts, Edna, the American countess, and Sylvia, the Leicestershire grass-widow, for the casino to open. The treatment throughout is pleasantly naturalistic; often very funny but almost never trying to be. Mr de Polnay might have

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trimmed and clipped his book a bit: it is inclined to ramble a little in the middle; but it finishes strongly.

The Japanese students in *The Paper Walls* behave in an inconsistent explosive fashion that is not out of line with the great anti-Nishi agitations. Mr Morris, though he makes no prophecies, constantly emphasises Japanese dislike of America; he has not been had for a mug by recent happenings. This is an interesting novel, liberal-didactic, about Americans in Tokyo. Its setting is a good deal better than its characterisation. It is focused principally on Jordan Halliday, a professor of literature and authority on Whitman. He is heavily guilt-haunted because of his failure when interrogated by the FBI about a left-wing colleague back home. This induces a kind of all-round impotence. The militant Japanese seem to see through him; but the crush which Misako, the little American-educated girl student, gets on him becomes embarrassing. His death from a heart-attack, which has been carefully planted, is complicated by an unresolved suggestion of foul play by the jealous student Tamura. I daresay he is meant to be taken as symbolising some inherent weakness in the American liberal soul, but as a character he is so heavily handicapped that it is all he can do to get to the start. The other Americans include a young diplomat with a conventional wife, who keeps luring him with quick embraces before dinner away from his refusal to comply with his ambassador's insistence that he shall have nothing to do with the dangerous subversive Halliday. I get the impression that Mr Morris is a very honest man – unlike most reporters – and has a gift for writing down exactly what he sees.

Cardiff, a town I have always wanted to know better, is presumably the Westport of *Barbary Coast*. I wish Mr Lewis could have given me a clearer picture of it. This is partly a sociological novel of modern business and affluent society life, partly a young man's protest. A family scramble for possession of a textile business provides the story. As a project it is full of promise, but it needs either more construction or less divided attention than Mr Lewis has given it. Denis Fielding, his poet-business man, is apt to fall into two halves. There is a tendency to indulge in denunciations like those of that angry narrator in the novels of Richard Aldington. The writer of a sociological novel needs to adopt towards his characters something of the attitude of the zoologist towards his specimens. He need not love them; but he should be fascinated by them. Repulsion is an attitude too close to boredom.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Shorter Reviews

The Journal of African History. Vol I, No I. *Cambridge.* 20*s* per issue, 30*s* per annual volume of two parts.

This new periodical, apparently the first specifically historical journal on Africa in any language, is the academic corollary to the emergence into world history and their own right of African territories that were once merely factors in 'the expansion of Europe'. Edited by Roland Oliver and J. D. Fage, with a suitably cosmopolitan range of contributors, the *Journal* will clearly do much to abolish the obsolescent division of labour which arose from the view that the history of Africans – as opposed to that of Europeans in Africa – was the business of archæologists and anthropologists rather than historians. M. Vansina, a Belgian medievalist, draws on his field-work in the Congo to argue the value for historians of oral tradition when properly handled; another article looks at the treatment by Herodotus and other ancients of stories possibly referring to the Niger. Other valuable machete-work in applying European historical techniques to Africa is effected by articles on the archives of tropical Africa, the historical significance of East African coin finds, the incidence of patterned walling as an index of cultural movement and interchange, and a revised chronology of eighteenth-century Ashanti kings. The reviews provide a survey of work on Africa, past and present, over the last three years.

A.D.R.

1660: The Year of Restoration. By PATRICK MORRAH. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s*.

Mr Morrah recounts what happened during a single year three centuries ago. He uses many contemporary sources, but quotes few of them directly; his own recension is, unfortunately, graced by no special literary skill – 'it was a rough, rumbustious age,' he writes, or 'this was Pepys' big day'. He enlivens his pages with much everyday detail, including quaint advertisements for toothpaste, patent medicines or cookery books, and with items from newspapers: 'A woman was hanged at Tyburn for the murder of her bastard child. She had put it in a pot, covered it over, and taken it to the bakehouse to be baked.' But the real interest of the book is in politics. Mr Morrah makes it plain that he is against the commonwealth and for the restoration. His concern, however, is not to appraise events, but to record them day by day. This method has the obvious disadvantage that it makes things more difficult to understand – it imposes the blinkers of journalism, the obfuscation and oversimplification of cause and motive, upon history. For example, Mr Morrah does not try to explore how Monk's mind moved, but is content to assume (what is in fact very questionable) that he was resolved, from the moment he started south, upon the restoration of Charles II. On the other hand, the method has some of the advantages of journalism too. It reveals the apparent disparity of individual actions done at the same time in different places. It emphasises the problems of communciation, persuasion and timing in affairs of state. It shows, in slow motion, the devious process of political crisis: how muddled men and fierce men in positions of authority frighten themselves and each other [how they use words both to disguise their own thought, and as an effective substitute for raw force]; how the final resolution is moulded not only by money and arms, but also by the obscure forces of popular feeling.

C.S.B.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,584 Set by Maurice Richardson

The new intellectual and Freudian Westerns suggest the possibility of some English equivalent – nineteenth-century boys' books rewritten in the light of modern psychiatry-conscious ways of life. The usual prizes are offered for extracts from: *With Drake and His Psychiatrist on the Spanish Main*, by G. A. Henty; *The Coral Island – A Study of Homo-erotic Sadism in the Pacific; The Gorilla Hunters in Pursuit of the Father Image*, both by R. M. Ballantyne; *Dick o' the Fens, the Formative-traumatic years of the Squirearch-hero*, by G. Manville Fenn. Limit 120 words; entries by 12 July.

Result of No. 1,581 Set by John Fitzjohn

The usual prizes are offered for a song with refrain, in which members of the BBC Brains Trust or of the *Panorama* or *Tonight* teams introduce themselves in turn to viewers. Maximum length 21 lines.

Report

Brains Trusts galore, fewer *Tonights*, and only one *Panorama*, but all giving me more or less what I wanted, patter-songs of the kind sung in the opening number of an old-fashioned pierrot-show. I liked E. O. Parrott's song for an imaginary Brains Trust, with his –

I'm Crumb, Crumb, Daniel Crumb.
The pink politician that makes everything hum.
My degree's from a Tech.
I'm a union sec.
You're all very lucky I was able to come –

but what I wanted was what all other competitors gave me, verses identifying actual Brains Trusters and Tonighters, like Brock's:

I'm Compton Mackenzie, bearded, tweed-coated,
Given to quips quite bizarre, be it noted,
Impish – in fact a
Considerable actor,
And my book sales go up if I'm quoted.

The *Tonight* team introduced itself much less successfully than the Brains Trust. If S. Dick had maintained the level of her best verses –

In a flicker, come I, Whicker
And with friendliest 'Hallo'
Scoop my worth around the earth –

she would have won a prize. So, too, would Cecil Hardwick, A. M. Sayers and Eileen Tulloch. As it is, honourable mentions, together with the others quoted. Two guineas to F. A. V. Madden, a guinea each to the others printed.

BRAINS TRUST

(They enter one by one, doing the Charleston step. Well, it makes a change)

My name is Norman Fisher and I'm going to take the Chair.
I'm kindly and avuncular, and *scrupulously* fair.

HMSO

Origins and Growth of Mau Mau

Absorbing reading for anyone interested in the contemporary African scene, this historical survey tells how and why the terrorist organisation which became the scourge of Kenya between 1952 and 1957 developed and grew with such alarming rapidity. (Cmnd. 1030)

15s. (*post* 11*d*.)

The Colonial Office List 1960

Assembling in one volume information otherwise only available from a number of sources, this reference book is indispensable for those whose work, studies or interests lie with the dependent territories. **35s.** (*post* 1*s*. 9*d*.)

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HMSO

If *they* should get excited – but of course they wouldn't dare!
Charleston, Charleston, Charleston.
My name is David Cecil, I'm a scholar of renown.
I'm too well-bred, as you will see, to talk the others down,
So I give a little giggle and pretend that I'm a clown!
Charleston, Charleston, Charleston.

I'm Lady Bonham Carter, I've no academic pride,
But my knowledge of the world I think is reasonably wide.
To see what's going on around I turn from side to side.
Charleston, Charleston, Charleston.

My name is Alan Bullock, and my common sense is worth
Far more than all the vapouring of beauty, brains, and birth.
And if you soar on Fancy's flight *I'll* bring you back to earth!
Charleston, Charleston, Charleston.

I'm Dr J. Bronowski, and an answer you will get
To a *sensible* enquiry, but not the one we've met!
If I should see a joke and laugh DO NOT ADJUST YOUR SET.
Charleston, Charleston, Charleston.

F. A. V. MADDEN

We're Ayer, Corbishley and James,
the best, the very pick of the Brains.
Not only do we
look good on TV
But who listens to what we say, gains.

REFRAIN:

We're Ayer, Corbishley and James.

An unconventional don, I am Ayer,
a chap with a 'positive' flair.
Although the Deb Set and Co.,
like to have me on their show,
I don't suffer fools gladly, no fear!

I'm Corbishley, of Farm Street fame
(that church with the fashionable name).
In matters of Dogma,
I'm Alpha and Omega;
I'm a human being too, just the same.

I'm a trail blazer, too, in my way
for a profession which *used* not to pay.
For a seat in the Lords
is too priceless for words.
– I'm James, who made teaching 'OK'!

ROSEMARY ELLERBECK

My name is Norman Fisher and my manner is urbane
And, when the rest have had their say, I say it all again.
I read the clever questions on every little card
From 'ABC' in Galashields and 'XYZ' of Chard.

REFRAIN:

Here we are again as brainy as can be
All Brains Trusters nattering for a fee
Here we are again with answers by the ton
One more week of intellectual fun.

I'm Doctor J. Bronowski and although I don't insist,
I like to be regarded as The All-round Specialist.
I'm hot on Blake and Shakespeare and such a clever bloke
I know at least a hundred ways of turning coal to coke.

My name is Alan Bullock and I'm the history brain,
And contrive to give my answers in a manner blunt and plain.
I wrote a book on Hitler which created quite a splash
And I part my hair like Hitler and copy his moustache.

I'm Queen of all the Liberals and they call me Lady Vi.
And, up-to-date or out-of-date, I'm in the public eye.
My voice can drown the others without my feeling strain
And since I am a Lady they really daren't complain.

LYNDON IRVING

TONIGHT'S TEAM

I am Cliff Michelmore, and my suits fit me tight
For I have a fat part in the programme TONIGHT.

REFRAIN:
Not today nor tomorrow, but always TONIGHT.

Derek Hart is my name: when I loom into sight
I have always a victim in tow for TONIGHT.

I travel a lot, and report from the site:
A. Whicker's the name, and my day makes TONIGHT.

Fyfe Robertson here: my high voice has a bite
As I badger poor chaps on behalf of TONIGHT.

I'm Hastings (Macdonald): I shed some small light
On bucolic adventures, as part of TONIGHT.

In a shirt of loud checks (it's a darky's delight!)
Cy Grant, at your service, sings songs for TONIGHT.

I interview folks with a smile much too bright:
I'm still Poly Elwes, but just for TONIGHT.

John Morgan is me: the Welsh accent is slight:
I toned it down steeply to work for TONIGHT.

ALLAN M. LAING

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must be safe, profitable and readily realisable. Davies Investments Ltd. can satisfy each one of these requirements. Safety is assured by skilled administration and ample reserves. Profits continue to permit the granting of a basic interest rate of 7½% per annum. £100 is withdrawable on demand and the maximum notice for the largest sum is six months. No fee or brokerage is chargeable.

An account can be opened for any sum, with a minimum of £20, but on units of £500 there is a special bonus of ½% per annum added annually. We have set out the main details of the facilities which are now so widely appreciated. If you would like further details and audited balance sheet, please write to Investment Department N., Davies Investments Limited, Bankers, Danes Inn House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

City Lights

Something for Everyone

THUNDER out of a blue sky is bad enough; it's more disconcerting still to expect trouble and then to get worse than one expected. The City mob, and those who accept Grandma's lingering weakness for the mob, expected a rise in Bank rate. The more sophisticated, with whom Bank rate is out of fashion, expected a second call for special deposits. The serious-minded, noticing the Chancellor's heavy hints to borough treasurers the other day, expected a cut in public investment. Each proved right, and all were disconcerted. The stock market panicked for a moment at the size of Mr Amory's package and then comforted itself, momentarily, with the reflection that there could be nothing left to come.

Businessmen, given print to snarl in, snarled. Tory backbenchers, remembering the increase in profits tax and the unfair attack on bond-washers, muttered openly that if Mr Amory wished to retire, the sooner the better. Most people seemed to think it a little odd that a fresh batch of restrictions should be introduced just when the previous lot – Hoover laying off staff, to quote the best-publicised examples, and Vauxhall suspending overtime – were beginning to produce their effect.

Mr Amory and his men seem to have had several ideas in mind. First, the unhappy state of the trade balance: imports are still rising, though the stockpiling boom has passed its peak, and exports are failing to keep up, those to North America at last beginning to fall off and those to the sterling area actually falling. Whatever the precise reason for the latest failure of exports to expand, it seems certain that much of industry's recent investment has run to waste because businessmen assumed too easily that they could get labour to run their new machines; if we cannot have planning, at least the Board of Trade might put everyone's plans together and announce what the consequences are likely to be.

Second, following from the deterioration in the balance of payments, there is the possibility of a speculative exchange crisis in the autumn. Dr Adenauer himself has now denied that Germany has any intention of revaluing the D-mark, and Mr Amory has felt bound to back him up by demonstrating that hot money can still enable the pound to look the D-mark in the face. Third, of course, is the approach of the wage-claim season. The unions, not having the nerve to demand their increases when profits are low, tend always to arrive a little late, just in time for the economic crisis, and the Treasury has reason to know that sterling is sensitive to the gloomy headlines with which the newspapers always discuss wage claims.

The latest package, in short, seems mainly designed to prevent another sterling crisis in the autumn; it will be justified if the attempt succeeds and if the restrictions are then promptly removed. But it is difficult to make any sense of the Thorneycroft-style decision to peg next year's public investment at this year's level. Either it is a mere formula designed to impress the little men in Zurich and to be conveniently forgotten later; or the

Treasury really supposes that it can foresee what the economy will be like in 18 months' time; or Mr Amory is unsuccessfully attempting to placate his wilder back-benchers.

★ ★ ★

The Finance Houses Association has reacted quickly to the increase in Bank rate by raising its recommended maximum rate for the hire purchase of vehicles. This maximum, for all the reluctance of the finance houses to compete on price, has been a little academic recently, and the increase will give further encouragement to those – small houses openly, big houses discreetly – who are offering lower HP rates to customers who do their business direct with the finance house and cut out the inflated dealer's commission. The squeeze, too, will only encourage the American invasion. The latest news is that one of the larger British finance companies has joined up with a US company to introduce hiring into this country – a system, which has caught on rapidly in America during the past two or three years, in which the businessman rents his machinery from a finance house. The advantage is said to be economy in the use of capital.

★ ★ ★

Companies which have been relying on the banks for capital are now coming to raise it in the market, and the spate of new issues is helping to keep share prices down. The bonus element in most of the rights issues announced recently has been surprisingly small: the City, apparently, is persuading industry to make better use of its underwriting services and to divert it to a good part of what used to be wasted on shareholders. The government's decision to postpone the denationalisation of Richard Thomas and Baldwins is hardly surprising, since the company's development plan demands the injection of a large amount of capital which will not earn profits for some time to come for investors who have lost the habit of waiting. More serious, from the market's point of view, is the decision to proceed with the sale of all the unwanted steel debentures and preference shares which ISHRA still holds. It is unfortunate that Mr Nabarro should have shamed the government into honesty just when honesty is most expensive and the gilt-edged market least ready to indulge it.

Company News

There has been the usual crop of bids – *Pye* bidding for *Telephone Manufacturing*, a merchant bank bidding for *Moussec, J. & N. Philips* – which Mr Isaac Wolfson controls – bidding for *Horrockses*. Pye has reported profits before tax up by 40 per cent to £2.4 m and a dividend of 15 per cent against the 12½ per cent forecast.

Lewis Berger, the paint firm, has more than recovered from its troubles with a profit doubled to £675,000 and a dividend up from eight to 14 per cent.

Stewart & Arden, helped by the acquisition of a new subsidiary, has increased its profit by a third and raised its dividend from 18½ to 25 per cent.

London Rubber ('Durex') is thinking of looking into this oral contraceptive business.

Boots, whose profits rose by 51 per cent last year, is expecting another, smaller rise in 1960.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 555 A Case for Polygamy

In our game, of course, we needn't argue it, we've got it: and so far as *potential* polygamy is concerned, it is, undoubtedly, the decisive factor in most of our games. Indeed, the mere threat of a pawn's unimpedable queenship will usually force the opponent's resignation, and to see a multiplicity of Queens actually gallivanting on the chess board is a rare event. The maximum ever said to be achieved in a practical game is attributed to Alekhine-Grigoriev, Moscow, 1915. Quite a famous game, but according to Kotov's research (for his book on Alekhine) it was probably in Alekhine's *post mortem* analysis rather than in the actual game that the famous position arose. /r1b3Q1/pp6/1kkt5/2bp4/5Q2/4QK2/2q2P2/1q3BKtR/. White's win is by no means as easy as it looks, and the only forcing move is (1) R-R6, pinning the Kt and threatening Q-Q8, while . . . BxQ can be defeated by (2) QxB ch, and . . . QxB by (2) Q-QKt4 ch. Black can still put up some resistance by (1) . . . B-Kt5 ch, but White must win. Alekhine had to cope with multiple Queens more than once, and even in his title match against Capablanca. /Q7/5p1k/6p1/7p/4Q2P/6P1/7K/3q1q2/. In spite of grievous time pressure Alekhine didn't miss this pretty win 7 . . . Q-Kt8 ch; (2) K-R3 Q(Q8)-B8 ch; (3) Q-Kt2, Q-R8 mate. Here – reported by P. Schlensker in his excellent *Schach-Echo* column – is an interesting position achieved by Euwe (Black against Cortlever). /2r3k1/p4p1p/5QpP/16/P5R1/2q2PPK/3q4/. True enough, Euwe is a Queen up, but how to cope with the mating threat? Well, Euwe did by . . . Q-R4 ch; (2) R-R3, Q-QB6. And here's how one Herr Gutsche managed to inflict rather than to suffer mate: /Q7/5ppk/1R5p/2Q1P3/4pP2/2P4P/3rq1P1/6K1/. There's only one way: (1) Q-R8 ch!, KxQ; (2) Q-QB8 ch, K-R2; (3) Q-B5 ch etc. Usually with a pair of Queens on each side, the one whose move it is, should be likely to win, but the 4-pointer for beginners (a game position from a Moscow tournament) is an exception to prove the rule, simply because White can neither check nor take one of the opponent's Queens. Obviously QxQ is ruled out by . . . Q-B4 ch and mate next move, but White did manage to save himself by forcing a draw very neatly. How did he do it?

A: Rovner 1939

For 6 & 7 ladder-points respectively, **B** and **C** aren't particularly difficult. They are both wins for White, the former very neat and pretty, the latter one of Kubbel's most celebrated pieces. Our more erudite competitors should be well aware of it, but then this is a work of genius the like of which one can never tire of. Note the master's utmost economy of material in achieving altogether delightful effects.

B: V. Claviovsky, 1960: /4k3/R7/8/4b3/2r5/3Kt4/6K1/2B5/.

C: Leonid Kubbel: /3k4/1p1Ktp1r1/6p1/32/3R2K1/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 11 July.

(Last week's omitted title was 11, 18, 23)

REPORT on No. 551 Set 4 June

A: *Key:* Kt-K5.

B: (1) Q-B2 ch, P-Kt6 (best); (2) PxP ch, K-R4; (3) Kt-Kt4 ch, P-K6; (4) BxP ch, K-K5; (5) Kt-R8 ch, K-R2; (6) KtxKt, PxP; (7) B-B1, P-Kt5; (8) B-B4, K-B4; (9) P-K4 ch, KxP; (10) Q-QB2 ch, K-Q5; (11) Kt-B6 multi-mate.

C: (1) K-R2; (2) Q-KR1; (3) Q(R1)-Kt1; (4) Q(KKt1)-B1; (5) Q(QB1)-K1; (6) Q-QR1 ch; (7) Q(K1)-Kt1 mate.

D: (1) B-B7!, R-R2; (2) Q-Q-Q ch, K-B7; (3) Q-K2 ch, K-Kt6; (4) Kt-Kt6 ch!, BxB mate, or (1) . . . RxP; (2) Q-Q-Q ch, K-B7; (3) Kt-R3 ch!, KxP; (4) Q-B6 ch! etc., or (1) . . . RxKt; (2) Kt-K2 ch, KxP; (3) R-R2 ch, K-B6; (4) Kt-Kt1 ch! etc.

E: (1) B-K1!, so as to counter . . . QxR by (2) B-B2!, Q-K6!; (2) B-Kt3! (B-B2?), QxB; (3) R-R5 ch with either perpetual or stalemate. If (2) . . . K-Kt3; (3) R-R2!, QxB; (4) R-Kt2 ch etc.

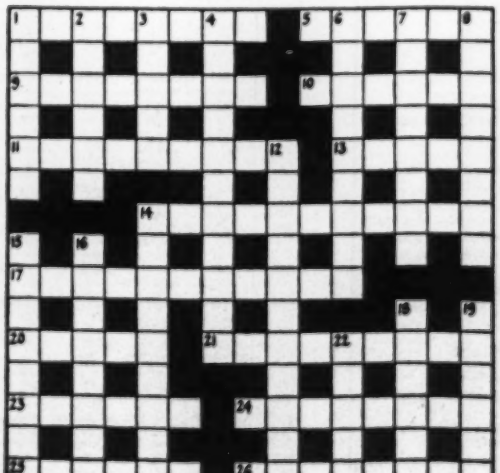
F: (1) B-B7, K-B8; (2) B-Kt6!, B-B7; (3) K-R2, K-K7; (4) K-Kt2, B-K6; (5) K-Kt3, K-Q6; (6) K-B3, B-Q5; (7) K-B4, K-B5; (8) K-K4, B-B4; (9) K-K5, K-Kt5; (10) K-Q5, B-B8!; (11) K-B6! etc.

Prizes: R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Sobey, A. G. D. Watson.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 412

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 412, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 12 July.



ACROSS

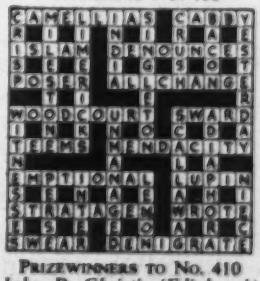
1. Country place in which an endless body of troops returns surrounding another (8).
5. Joints for head-dresses (6).
9. Approves an archbishop in a quiet afterthought (8).
10. Star for the tennis authority in the sky (6).
11. They help to put one's shirt on or put money on horses (9).
13. The urchin is not quite playing for money (5).
14. Differently masted liner of modern appearance (11).
17. Presenting the reality in an activity caught with many true variations (11).
20. Previous poet (5).
21. Make a condition which is put strangely before the dead (9).
23. Brings into operation specialists without the page (6).
24. Plastered and almost fixed with a school-child (8).
25. A remark about metal with silken appearance (6).
26. Country with three feet in London (8).

DOWN

1. Soft as a sailor born in a carriage (6).
2. Do up again the letter in its holder (6).
3. 'The —— like great black oxen tread the world' (*Yeats*) (5).
4. Fruit supplied when the socialist dog speaks violently (11).
6. Unjustly, for example, in a sick friend (9).
7. Preparing for war to raise up a dynasty (8).
8. The composition of an era surrounded by calm (8).
12. Is in the deceitful trick of a sorcerer (11).
14. The devil is about to spoil one kind person (9).
15. They may make suitable for television what was in the past read (8).
16. Where an initial change might bring misfortune (8).
18. Father is without someone to worship in a place of worship (6).
19. Take care about the advertisement with the title (6).
22. Unabridged, like a new book (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 410



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 410

John D. Christie (Edinburgh)
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A. M. Oliver (Manchester)

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Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

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THE CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION

invites applications for two senior posts in its AUDIENCE RESEARCH DIVISION. Applicants should have a good Honours degree, or postgraduate qualification, in one of the social sciences, a sound understanding of sampling procedures and research design, and must be able to provide evidence of having successfully completed one or more research projects involving field interviewing and data analysis.

Apply immediately, giving full particulars, to Assistant Director of Audience Research, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, PO Box 806, Ottawa, Ontario.

CHILD PSYCHO-THERAPIST
(NON-MEDICAL)

Applications are invited for the post of part-time Psycho-Therapist at the Ilford Child Guidance Clinic (5 sessions weekly).

This Clinic is psychoanalytically orientated and the staff consists of 2 part-time Psychiatrists, 1 full-time and 1 part-time Psychologist, 3 Psychiatric Social Workers, and 2 part-time Psycho-Therapists. The present appointment is to replace one of the Therapists, who is going abroad. The staff work as a team and meet twice weekly for case conferences. The Medical Director will welcome any enquiries and visits to the Clinic.

Candidates should have had recognised training in this work. Fees will be at the rate of £2 12s. 6d. per session, plus travelling expenses.

Application to be made in writing, giving full details as to age, qualifications, etc., together with the names of two referees, by 16 July 1960, to The Divisional School Medical Officer, Valentines Mandion, Emerson Road, ILFORD, Essex.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER, full-time, required for work at Hill End clinic and also at Welwyn Garden City branch clinic or Hitchin. Own car or loan of clinic car. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and naming two referees to the Medical Director, Hill End Clinic, St Albans, Herts.

LINGFIELD HOSPITAL SCHOOL FOR EPILEPTIC CHILDREN, LINGFIELD, SURREY

CHILDREN'S HOMES. Women required as Nurse Attendants in Epileptic Children's Homes in rural Surrey, one hour's journey from London; buses from nearby towns. Definite interest in Child Welfare and Management required. Salary £232 per annum (£19 6s. 8d. per month) plus board residence, laundry and uniform. Apply: THE MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT, Lingfield Hospital School, Lingfield, Surrey (Dept NS.)

VOLUNTARY Organisation needs typist. Social work contacts, quarterly journal, 5-day week. Small office, W1. Box 5732.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

Applications are invited for the WARDENSHIP of HALIFAX HALL (WOMEN) which, with a new extension about to be built, will accommodate about 180 students. The Warden will be given opportunities to participate in academic or other work of the University. Salary £1,400 a year together with free board and residence and certain other allowances, and superannuation provision under the FSSU. It is desired that the Warden take up duties on 1 October 1960 or as soon as possible thereafter. Applications (20 copies) together with the names and addresses of three referees and, if desired, copies of testimonials, should reach the Registrar (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than 23 July 1960.

CITY OF LEEDS CARE OF CHILDREN DEPARTMENT

CHILD CARE OFFICERS (Female) Applications are invited from persons with Home Office Certificate in Child Care, Social Science Diploma or appropriate University Degree and experience in child care work.

Salary APT I/II £610 – £880, commencing salary according to experience and qualifications but one post of Senior Visitor carries an additional £25 responsibility allowance.

Application forms and particulars from the Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2.

CAREERS IN RADIOGRAPHY

SCHOOL LEAVERS with School Certificate or GCE passes in Mathematics, English and any three additional subjects, preferably including the sciences, are invited to apply for training as Radiographers in the School of Radiography. The Management Committee may award training grants in suitable cases. Prospective students, at least 18 years in November, should write for further particulars to the Secretary of Lambeth Hospital, Brook Drive, London, SE11.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH AND SOUTH-EAST SCOTLAND REGIONAL HOSPITAL BOARD
Joint In-Service Training Scheme for Clinical Psychologists

APPLICATIONS are invited for two posts as CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGISTS (Probationer) at certain hospitals in the South-East Scotland Hospital Region. Applicants must have a 1st or 2nd class Honours degree in Psychology or other approved qualifications.

Facilities will be given for part-time study for the Diploma in Clinical Psychology awarded by the University of Edinburgh. Successful candidates will be afforded supervised clinical experience during the three years training period. Periods of secondment will be arranged for experience in mental deficiency, medical and surgical neurology and child psychiatry as well as for formal instruction in the University. Further details may be obtained from the Department of Psychological Medicine, 2 George Square, Edinburgh, 8 and the Department of Psychology, Old College, Edinburgh 8.

The Salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council circulars. Applications giving details of experience and the names of two referees should be sent to the Secretary, 11 Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh, 3, as soon as possible.

CITY OF LEICESTER EDUCATION COMMITTEE
SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGICAL SERVICE

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist in the School Psychological Service. Duties include educational and clinical work and afford much scope. Candidates will be expected to possess a degree in psychology, practical training in child psychology and to have had teaching experience. Ability to lecture an asset. Applications from persons at present taking training will be considered.

Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Educational Psychologist's Scale.

Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester. Completed applications should be returned to this office not later than fourteen days after the appearance of the advertisement.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF FINSBURY

PUBLIC LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

CATALOGUE TYPIST required, library experience, particularly cataloguing an advantage. Salary according to experience and qualifications rising to £770 per annum.

Closing date Tuesday, 5 July. Application to Henry A. Davey, Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, EC1.

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WELFARE OFFICER

required for department providing full range personnel services in Company employing about 900. Must be fully competent secretary with experience and/or training in personnel or social work. About two-thirds of the work is secretarial, remainder largely concerned with interviewing and welfare work amongst women employees and recruits.

This is a particularly interesting and worthwhile post in a very active Personnel Department. Candidates must have a good educational background and genuine interest in this type of work.

Full details (in confidence) of age, education and experience to:—

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3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2.
CHA. 8217.

WANTED two girls to assist generally, Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr Sevenoaks, Kent.

HOUSEMASTERS

(resident and married) required as a result of recently authorised increase in staff to make up a complement of eight at Stamford House, W12, a remand home and classifying centre for 100 boys under 16 years. Four groups (two of 30 boys and two of 20) physically separate except at assembly and meals, will each be supervised by housemasters with supporting staff. Successful candidates will be members of a team of specialists engaged on the assessment and allocation of boys committed to approved schools and in producing reports for courts on boys remanded. Boys spend normal school hours in the education department. Duties include liaison with probation officers, welfare officers etc. and co-operation with psychologists, psychiatric social workers, and psychiatrists. Opportunity of contact with approved schools in central and southern England. Comparable experience (preferably in approved schools) essential; degree/diploma in sociology/social science or Home Office Child Care Certificate an advantage. Salary within £675 – £980 less £134 14s. for fully furnished accommodation, for wife and family (flats containing 2 or 3 bedrooms, sitting rooms, separate kitchen) & board for the housemaster and laundry. 8 weeks leave including Bank Holidays. The wives of certain of the successful candidates may, if suitable and willing, act as part-time housemothers receiving free board in return. Apply to Children's Officer (WDO/NS/1645/7), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

NEWBATTLE ABBEY COLLEGE OF RESIDENTIAL ADULT EDUCATION, DALKEITH, MIDLOTHIAN.

Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the above College, which is the only residential Adult Education College in Scotland, and is situated at Eskbank, 7 miles from Edinburgh.

An important part of the duties of the Warden will be to develop long-term courses and organise throughout the year regular short-term courses, and to make the work of the College more widely known by personal contact. He should also be prepared to take some part in teaching. It is desirable that applicants should have some experience of adult education work. The Salary for the post is £1,600, with annual increments of £50 to £1,850, point of entry according to qualifications and experience. There is a pensions Scheme analagous to FSSU Scheme, and free residential quarters are provided within the College.

The successful candidate would be expected to take up the appointment not later than 1 January 1961, but earlier if possible.

Applications stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged with Mr T. M. Jinkins, WS, Secretary to the Governors, 20 Castle Street, Edinburgh, not later than 11 July 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Temporary Senior Lectureship in French. Applications are invited for appointment to the above named temporary position in the Department of French. The appointment will be for a period of three years in the first instance following which there is every prospect of the creation of a permanent post. Candidates are required to hold a degree of a French University, and to have had some experience of University teaching and research and are required to state their areas of special interest. The salary range for a Senior Lecturer is at present £A2,150-£A2,500 p.a. but it is expected that this range will be increased in the near future to approximately £A2,450-£A2,850 p.a. It is important that intending applicants should obtain details of the procedure to be followed in applying for the post and a copy of the Conditions of Appointment before submitting their applications. This information is available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 July 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Temporary Lectureship in Classics and Ancient History. Applications are invited for appointment to the above named temporary position in the Department of Classics and Ancient History for a period of twelve months. Applicants should hold an honours degree in Latin and Greek. Qualifications in Ancient History would be an added advantage. The salary range for the position is at present £A1,550-£A2,050 p.a., but it is expected that the range will be increased in the near future to approximately £A1,770-£A2,340 p.a. It is important that intending applicants obtain details of the procedure to be followed in applying for the post and a copy of the Conditions of Appointment before submitting their applications. This information is obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 July 1960.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, NSW, Australia. Lecturer in English. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in English. Applicants should state whether they seek a permanent or short term appointment. The Lecturer appointed will be required to work with both internal and external (correspondence) students. He will be encouraged to engage in research. Commencing salary will be within the range of £A1,730 × 105 – £A2,435, and in addition a cost-of-living allowance is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses and assistance in buying or building a house. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 22 July 1960.

SECRETARY required in mid-September by Professor P. B. Medawar, Department of Zoology, University College London (Gower St, WC1); interest in zoology and previous secretarial experience in scientific department desirable; good speeds shorthand and typing essential. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

THE Fellowship of Reconciliation wishes to appoint an Administrative Secretary, whose major responsibility would be the oversight of a central office together with the maintenance and development of local groups. Applications in writing to the General Secy, FoR, 29 Gt James St, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Music Assistant in Birmingham. Duties include arrangement and production under general direction of Head of Midland Regional Music of music programmes of all types. Programmes cover wide range extending from BBC Midland Light Orchestra and other light combinations and brass bands to City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, choral societies, chamber ensembles, and recital artists. Professional music qualifications essential and administrative experience and interest in music for television desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.318 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1 within five days.

BBC has following vacancies at Southampton: (a) Production Assistant. Duties: to assist with preparation of local news bulletins and other topical programmes. Successful candidate will work primarily in Television but may occasionally have to assist in Sound. He will be required to undertake studio presentation and camera direction; to arrange film coverage; brief cameramen; to write bulletin items and commentaries for news film. Journalistic background and television experience highly desirable (b) News Assistant. Duties: under direction of Senior News Assistant, to provide news coverage for national and regional services, to sub-edit a local news bulletin Mondays to Fridays, to assist with preparation of other topical programmes for the area in Television and Sound. Lively news sense, journalistic or broadcasting experience, and interest in visual presentation essential. Knowledge of the area comprising roughly East Dorset, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Isle of Wight and West Sussex desirable for both posts. Some weekend working on rota. Starting salary (both posts) £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope, quoting ref. 60.G.316 N.Stm) and indicating post applied for should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

AUSTRALIAN National University. Research School of Pacific Studies. Research Fellowship in Anthropology and Sociology. Applications are invited for a Research Fellowship in the Department of Anthropology and Sociology. The Research Fellow will be required to carry out empirical research among overseas Chinese communities and to assist in the supervision of research in social anthropology and sociology. A doctorate or equivalent experience in social anthropology or sociology and a working knowledge of a language used by Chinese in the South-eastern Asia/Western Pacific region are required. The salary range is £A1,437-2,152, with increments of £A65 per annum; initial salary will depend on experience and qualifications. Appointment will be for three years with possible extensions to a maximum of five years. Superannuation is on the FSSU pattern and allowances are made for removal expenses. Assistance with housing in Canberra is provided. Reasonable field work expenses are met. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 August 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the History of Art. Candidates should be University graduates with experience in the field of textiles. The successful applicant will primarily be concerned not only with lecturing on the history of textiles, but with all aspects of administration, display and organisation for study purposes of the large existing collection of historical textiles in the Whitworth Art Gallery, and with the expansion of these collections into the field of modern and contemporary textiles since the aim of the appointment is to further the creation of a comprehensive historically based museum of textiles. As one part of a general re-organisation of the Gallery, an unusual and exciting prospect with full opportunities for academic promotion is open to a candidate with drive and imagination. Salary scale £800 to £950 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 20 July 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of applications may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited from graduates who are Senior Psychiatric Social Workers, for the post of Lecturer in Psychiatric Social Work, in the Department of Psychiatry of the Faculty of Medicine. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Salary on a scale £1,050 to £1,850 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 27 July 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Research Assistant in Social Administration. Salary scale: £800 to £950 per annum, with membership of Children's Allowance Scheme. The appointment of Assistant Lecturer carries membership of the FSSU; in certain cases so does the appointment of Research Assistant. Applications should be sent not later than 15 July 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Research Assistant in Sociological Studies to help in the planning and execution of social research projects in the Department. Duties to begin on 1 October 1960. Salary £800 a year, with FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by 18 July 1960.

UNIVERSITY of London, Goldsmiths' College. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Education in the College (Training Department and School of Art). Either a full-time or part-time appointment may be made to date from September 1960 or January 1961. The post requires an experienced graduate teacher with a knowledge of Psychology who will be expected to develop an interest in the Education Course for Art Teachers. Pelham salary scale. Applications (5 copies) to Warden, University of London, Goldsmiths' College, London, SE14, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Tudor School, Queen's Head Street, N1 – Mistress as Deputy Head (£380) required as soon as possible to work with new headmaster; opportunity for energetic woman of initiative and vision interested in the whole field of secondary education. School at present in Burnham Group XV (942 boys and girls), the roll will probably increase when new buildings are completed in a few years' time. Apply on form TS.9 (SR) obtainable from the Education Officer (Stamped addressed envelope) (TS2/NS/1729/7), County Hall, SE1, and returnable to the Headmaster at school. Applics as soon as possible.

MIDDLESEX County Council. (1) Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd at Hornsey Child Guidance Clinic. PTA Quals and salary. Part-time considered. Application forms from Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Crouch End, N8, returnable by 25 July 1960. (2) Education Welfare Officer (male or female) reqd in Heston and Isleworth. Good education necessary. Duties in connection with school attendance, employment of children, special services, etc. Salary: Misc. IV/V £590-£715 p.a. plus London Weighting up to £40. Comparable service with other local authorities may be taken into account in determining commencing salary. Established. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 6 Lampton Road, Hounslow, returnable by 11 July. Both posts: Prescribed conditions (Quote C.856 NS).

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Amended notice. Applicants are invited for the posts of Deputy Superintendent and Deputy Matron for Thornbury House Remand Home, Kidlington, Oxford. Deputy Superintendent: teaching experience an advantage. Salary within the range £715 × £28 to £1,135 according to qualifications and experience, less £135 per annum for board and lodging. Deputy Matron: salary £420 × £20 to £520 per annum less £120 for board and lodging. These appointments are pensionable and subject to medical examinations. Appln forms and further details from Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Rd, Oxford. G. G. Burkitt, Clerk of the Council.

KING'S College Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. Senior Clinical Psychologist required for five sessions a week in the Child Guidance Clinic at the Belgrave Hospital for Children. Vacant from 2 August 1960. Salary £2 8s. 9d. per session. Applications giving details of age, qualifications and previous experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned by 16 July 1960. J. D. Banks, House Governor.

KING'S College Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. Clinical Psycho-Therapist (non-medical) required for five sessions a week in the Child Guidance Clinic at the Belgrave Hospital for Children. Vacant from 1 October 1960. Applications giving details of age, quals and previous experience, together with the names of two referees should be sent to the undersigned by 16 July 1960. J. D. Banks, House Governor.

ROYAL School For The Blind, Leatherhead, Surrey. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Cook in modern kitchen; wages £6 per week plus board, lodging and laundry; Superannuation Scheme; adequate holidays; own bedroom. Apply Principal.

A CHALLENGING opportunity for young men entering general social work as Assistant Wardens at our Rehabilitation Centre near London and our Mental After-Care Hostel at Cambridge. Character and personality more important than paper qualifications. Commencing salary £312 p.a. all found. Write Secretary, 24 Ashburn Place, SW7.

MINISTRY of Labour Psychologists (Vocational Officers) required for three unestablished posts at Industrial Rehabilitation Units, one in Cardiff and two in the provinces. Possibility of establishment by open competition later. Age at least 21 years. Qualifications: Good honours degree in psychology or equivalent and preferably with postgraduate training or experience in occupational psychology. Work involves aptitude testing and vocational guidance. National salary scales: Men £595 (at 21) – £950 (at age 30 or on entry if over 30) – £1,260. Women £595 (at 21) – £945 (at 30 or on entry if over 30) – £1,242. Particulars and application forms from Ministry of Labour, Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1, quoting G80/OA.

SEVERALLS Hospital, Colchester, Essex. Applications are invited for the post of Clinical Psychologist (Probationary Grade) in the Psychology Department of this 1,885 bed hospital engaged in the treatment of neurotic and psychotic illness. The Psychology Department contributes to the diagnosis and assessment of both in-patients and out-patients and is concerned in the teaching and research activities of the hospital. The post is suitable for a recent graduate, holding an honours degree in psychology, who wishes to enter the National Health Service. Salary and conditions of service will be in accordance with PTA Circular No 72: £580 × £25 – £680 during probationary period, then £735 × £35 – £1,050. Further particulars may be obtained from the Senior Psychologist, and applications, including the names of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secretary, Severalls Hospital, Colchester, Essex.

DEPARTMENT of Child Psychiatry, Residential Unit, Ladyfield, Crichton Royal Hospital, Dumfries. A second Psychiatric Social Worker is required in this Unit for children suffering from the whole range of psychiatric disorders. Treatment is long-term and there is close integration of the work of the large staff, in which psychiatric social work is regarded as of special importance. The PSW's follow up cases after discharge. Work in connection with psychotic and 'institutional' children is of unusual interest. Frequent consultation with the consultant child psychiatrist. Duties include out-patient clinic. Applications with names of two referees to Dr James Harper, Physician Superintendent, from whom further details may be obtained.

SPRINGFIELD Hospital, London, SW17. Personal Secretary to Group Secretary required. Applicant must be competent shorthand/typist. Secretarial experience and knowledge of Committee procedure desirable. Salary on scale £566-£735 p.a., plus London Weighting. Applications, stating age, experience etc., and giving names of two referees, to Group Secretary, Springfield Hospital, Beechcroft Road, Upper Tooting, SW17.

FAMILY Welfare Association needs Family Caseworkers in London. Social Science Certificate or Sociology Degree plus professional casework training and/or good casework experience required. Salary scale up to £825 with possibilities of certain additional emoluments. Senior caseworkers in charge of Area Offices also required. Salary scale up to £1,000. Appointment on salary scales in both cases according to experience. Superannuation Scheme, generous holidays, five day week plus opportunity for consultation and professional development. Application in writing to: Organising Secretary, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SW1.

MEDICAL Research Council have vacancy in their Headquarters Office for woman graduate under 25 years of age to assist with parliamentary and information work. Ability to compile and collate information, draft memoranda and correspondence, and deal with inquiries, often under pressure, essential. Experience of office organisation an advantage. Starting salary between £638-£748, on scale rising to £1,005 with prospects of eventual promotion to higher grade. Superannuation provision. Applications, stating age, education and previous experience, with names of two referees, to Medical Research Council, 38 Old Queen St, Westminster, SW1. Please quote F2/15.

HOUSEMOTHER for Girls Hostel of Royal School for the Blind, Leatherhead, Surrey. Salary by arrangement plus free Flat, Board and Laundry; Superannuation Scheme; 41 days annual holiday (any holiday already arranged may be taken); applicants (who must be of C. of E.) should apply to the Principal.

ATTRACTIVE and interesting residential position vacant as Housemother. No special qualifications required but an interest and sympathy for lightly handicapped adolescent spastics, and an ability to guide and assist in their general welfare. Good salary scale, generous holidays and off-duty. Apply: Principal, Sherrards Training Centre, Digswell Hill, Welwyn, Herts.

EDUCATION for Responsibility. Women of over 20 offered one-year residential course in social and cultural subjects for personal development, help in voluntary work or as foundation for professional training (teaching, social work, etc.). No examinations. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Full grants available: immediate application advised. Write to Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

CENTRAL Office of Information have a vacancy on Film Production work requiring experience of documentary, television and advertising films, and/or overseas information work. Applicants should have experience of sponsored film production, a good publicity sense and a reasonable grasp of public affairs. The post is graded Senior Information Officer (unestablished). Salary £1,490 to £1,850 (men); £1,463 to £1,816 (women). Five day week, 22 days annual leave. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals. to Manager (PE.1018), Ministry of Labour, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

TEMPORARY Librarian, Grade IV, Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, Vacancy at the Research Establishment, Aberdeen for man or woman. Quals. Fellowship or Associateship of Library Association, or Diploma of London University School of Librarianship. Experience in scientific or technical library an advantage. Duties: Day to day organisation of Library; cataloguing and classification (UDC) of stock and selective indexing of current periodicals; inquiry work. Salary £575 (age 21) to £735 (age 25 or over). Women slightly lower. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals. to Manager (PE.85) Ministry of Labour, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, EC4. Only those candidates selected for interview will be advised.

NATIONAL College for the Training of Youth Leaders. Academic Staff. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for appointment as Senior Lecturers (£1,370 × £35 – £1,600) and Lecturers (£980 × £32 10s. – £1,370) on the academic staff of the National College for the Training of Youth Leaders. The College is being established at Leicester as part of the Government's plan for the expansion of the Youth Service. Approximately 90 students (men and women) will be admitted in the first year, starting in January 1961, and thereafter approximately 140 students will be admitted annually during the life of the College, which is expected to be five years. The appointments will offer unusual and challenging opportunities for participation in the urgent task of developing and expanding the Youth Service, and applicants should be interested in all the social and recreational activities of young people in the 14-20 age range. All members of the staff will be expected to undertake tutorial work and general supervision of study and practical work, but the appointments will also be made with regard to the ability of applicants to contribute specially to the work of the College in one or more of the following subjects:—English Language and Literature; Youth Service Principles and Practice; Social Group Work and Psychology of Adolescence; Physical Recreation (including Outdoor Pursuits); Economic and Social History; Religious Knowledge; Arts and Crafts; Music, Drama. Forms of application, which must be returned by 15 July, and further details may be obtained from the Secretary to the Governors, National College for the Training of Youth Leaders, City of Leicester Education Department, Newarke Street, Leicester.

THE International Federation of Air Line Pilots Associations requires officer for work on employment contract analysis and related studies. Interesting work. Pension. Salary according to experience and qualifications but on entry would range from £700 for a young graduate to £1,150 for experienced applicant. Further prospects. Write IFALPA, 6 Cavendish Square, W1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Welfare Officer, female. Salary £572 per annum, rising by annual increments to £806. Contributory pension scheme. Candidates without training but with suitable background and experience would be considered. Apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

PART-time leaders for local groups of a National Youth Organisation situated in the Oxford area Headington. Mixed Youth Club: 15-21 years. 2 evenings per week plus occasional week-end activities. Witney: Mixed Junior Group; 11-15 years. 1 evening per week with some week-end activities. In both cases fully experienced leaders will be appointed and every assistance given in training for Diploma in Youth Leadership. Knowledge of the Co-operative Movement desirable. Full particulars and appln forms from:— Educ. Secretary, Oxford & District Co-operative Society Ltd., 65 George St, Oxford.

BIRKENHEAD & District Co-operative Party invite applications for the post of Secretary/Organiser. A thorough knowledge of the Co-operative Movement, Co-operative Party, Election Law and Procedure is essential. Salary – £760 to commence with two annual increments of £50 to £860. Forms of application obtainable from the Personnel Manager, Co-operative Society, 14 Catherine Street, Birkenhead, which must be returned not later than Saturday, 16 July.

THE Architectural Press requires Junior Shorthand Typist. Telephone: Whitehall 0611 (Ext. 12).

BAKER St. Best posts at Astor Agency, 231 Baker St, NW1. WELbeck 3542.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires News Reporter at Plymouth, working to News Editor, Bristol. Duties comprise reporting of current events in the Region and in particular in Devon and Cornwall, interviewing at the microphone and on television. Professional experience in Press or broadcasting journalism essential; knowledge of Devon and Cornwall an advantage. Ability to drive a car also necessary. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 p.a. max. If no fully qualified candidate available, initial appointment may be in grade range £1,230 to £1,580 p.a. with prospect of later promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref 60.G.319 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1 within five days.

ASSISTANT Translator: Board of Trade. Pensionable post in London for man or woman at least 20 on 1.8.60 with good qualifications in French and German (normally to at least 2nd class honours degree standard) and a high degree of competence in translating from both languages into good English. Knowledge of one or more other languages an advantage. Starting salary (men) £537 (at 20) to £755 (25 or over). Scale maximum £1,140. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5158/60. Closing date 28 July 1960.

LINGUIST Officer: Air Ministry. Post for man at least 24 on 1.7.60 with good knowledge of Chinese (National Language), normally to degree standard, and preferably working knowledge of one or more other languages, who is prepared to serve in the Far East. Recent Service experience desirable. Salary scale (national) £1,250 – £1,375. Prospct of permanency. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form quoting 5159/60. Closing date 9 August 1960.

KODAK Limited. A vacancy has arisen in the Company's Sales Estimating Department at Harrow for a man aged 25-35 who will supervise the preparation and presentation of quantity statistics and assist in estimating future sales. Intelligence, personality and initiative are needed more than academic qualifications, but applicants offering degrees in Economics will be at a distinct advantage. Please write to Personnel Manager (Sales and Distribution) Kodak Limited, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middx.

BI-LINGUAL French/English Secretary required for old-established merchant organisation in Middle East. English and French shorthand-typing essential. Excellent salary, living allowance, free furnished quarters. Contract of 27 months' service, followed by 115 days' leave, free passage home. Write with full particulars Box 5552

WOMEN'S Co-operative Guild requires Field Organiser, having thorough knowledge of Guild and free to travel about country organising new Branches. Appointment experimental for 2 yrs in first instance, subject to 3 mths probation. Salary, commensurate with duties, to be negotiated Applications, giving age, qualifications and names of two referees, to reach 348 Gray's Inn Road, WC1, by 29 July.

GENERAL Secretary to the Family Planning Association. Applications are invited from men and women with wide administrative experience. Salary from £1,000 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. For details and form of application, which should be returned by 15 July, apply Secretary, 64 Sloane St, London, SW1. Telephone BELgravia 7575.

THE Fabian Society is shortly appointing an Assistant General Secretary. Vital job for convinced, informed and adaptable socialist with administrative capacity, preferably under thirty, £600-£650 p.a. according to qualifications. Four weeks annual leave. Details and application forms, to be returned by 13 July, from General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St, London, SW1.

CASHIER-Book-keeper, fully qualified woman, required immediately by Women's Co-operative Guild to take complete charge of accounts. Salary USDAW Men's Scale. 3 weeks paid holiday. Good hours and conditions. Apply stating age and qualifications to 348 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

PERSONAL residential secretary wanted, woman graduate, any age but older rather than younger, driver, interested in educational organization, country house and garden near Oxford home throughout the year. Time for research and own interests. Box 5666.

SECRETARY required for associate editor of 'Woman'. Applicants over 21 should have good secretarial experience; initiative, accuracy and adaptability are necessary qualifications. Apply in writing to Miss Bendel, 'Woman', 189 High Holborn, London, WC1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of journalist assistant with special responsibility for a new journal to cater for the Labour Party's youth organisation, The Young Socialists. For application form and conditions of appointment write to Mr Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ANGLICAN Pacifist Fellowship of communicants of Church of England – post of General Secretary shortly vacant. Applications and enquiries to the Chairman, Canon Scrutton, 9 Bayer House, Golden Lane, EC1.

MARKET Investigations Ltd, have vacancies for full-time women interviewers, preferably graduates, with the prospect of promotion to the position of supervisor. All investigators work independently on a wide variety of surveys and receive full training in general field interviewing and special experimental techniques. The posts are based on London with some travelling for which generous allowances are paid. Please write with full details to Miss Lois Symonds, Market Investigations Ltd, 1-2 Berners Street, W1.

PUBLIC Relations. Junior Executive. Excellent opening for young man with initiative, mechanical bent, writing ability, good presence. Write Box 5616.

NURSES (SRN and SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Homes, London. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Every comfort provided. Box 5367.

DRYAD Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St. (nr British Museum) need young lady assistant, pref. with some knowledge of crafts. Good position & salary for suitable person. Applications to Manageress.

SECRETARY/S-T., 19-35, pref. architectural experience, for Architect's firm, W1. Sal. to £700. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

MEDICAL Secretary for Doctor, W1. £10. Doctor's receptionist 16-18, £7. Dental Secretary £12. Many other temporary and permanent vacancies for Medical secretaries. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria Street, EC4. CITy 7131.

PART-time tutors in English required for Continental Students, Denmark Hill, London, SE5. 15 hours weekly mornings only, £4 4s. per week. Box 5693.

PERSONAL Sec., 28-32, for Man. Director Television Co., W1. £15. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

INVOICE Typist required (only simple calculations) for interesting book export work. Wages and conditions according CAWU Agreement. 2 weeks' holiday this year, 3 weeks subsequently. Apply Norris, Collet's, 44 Museum St, WC1.

SECRETARY, exp. shorth./typist, good educ., over 25, reqd for Jewish Organ., int. work 5 day wk, salary acc. qualif., L.V.'s, holiday arrangements respected. FUS. 7542 or write Box 5419.

USA. From New York to California there are opportunities for Mother's Helps, Maids, Cooks and Couples with American families. £50 p.m. Passage advanced. Bonus scheme. Apply Transcontinental, 18 High Street, Beckenham, Kent. Tel.: Beckenham 2344.

SECRETARY (female) for congenial office connected with the arts. Apply in writing stating age, experience, and salary required. Box 5584.

HOLIDAY relief Sec, 19/21, for PR firm, Knightsbridge. Gd hrs, sal. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SECRETARIES – Shorthand Typists – Have you a week or more to spare? If so, make it pay! See Sybil Topham about temporary work at Dutton's Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS. 7379.

BRITISH Somaliland – The Belgian Congo – Independence – and why not for you with a really good job from Winifred Johnson (Office Staff Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1. (Next door to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN, 40, wide background in literary, entertainment & design fields, GB & US, skls respons. work, Ldn. Box 5605.

YOUNG grad. wants musical job, Lond., from Aug. Big knowledge classical, classical/modern classical music, pianist, can type, drive, lecture. Box 5512.

IS there a Chairman of Directors needing a youngish man with unlimited energy and drive? At present controlling businesses with artistic connections and public contact. Experience of staff control, business administration and organisation. Highest personal integrity. Box 5480.

WOMAN Sociology graduate, 30's, seeks change; qualified Household Science. Experience in education, admin., writing, lecturing, broadcasting. Box 5681.

GENTLEMAN (mid-forties), varied Welfare exp, wishes join Voluntary Organ. in London/Home Counties. Box 5627.

PERSONAL

£1,000 FOR 15,000 WORDS

Wanted—serial stories of not more than 15,000 to 20,000 words. Must be packed with exciting action, suspense, thrills, and have a passionate love interest. Up to £1,000 will be paid. Ordinary who-done-its, full of misleading clues, NOT wanted.

Manuscripts to the Editor, Reveille, 127 Stamford Street, London, SE1.

JAGUAR 1½ litre 1939, good runner, £50. Seen London now, available Napies after 25 July or would take purchaser on continental trip starting 16 July. Bernet, 16 Riverside Rd, N15. STA. 5598.

FAMILY offer rent-free small pleas. rm and use of s/c. flat of old but active mother in their Highgate Village house for part-time companionship partic. wkends. Please tel. LAN. 5791 or MOU. 6468.

FOSTER Home needed within 50 miles of Oxford for 6 mths old baby boy for indefinite period, preferably where there are other children. Baby needs stability and affection. Apply Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Rd, Oxford. (Tel. Oxford 50622).

HOLIDAY exchange. Hampstead family, 2 civilised children, offer spacious home overlkg Heath for country/seaside accom. Any time after 27 July. Box 5745.

OVER 25's Dance/Social Club, West End. S.a.e. Mr M. Whelan, 36 First Ave, W3.

TWO girls wanted to complete villa party on Costa Blanca, 16-31 July. All arrms made. Reas. cost. Box 5717.

LADY wants to form business partnership with another, 30-40. Prefer Cornish coast. Interested Books, good Art and Ceramics. Box 5682.

RESPONSIBLE educ. woman with son aged 10-14, reqd as matron in boarding school for boys interested in farming. Box 5622.

FRENCH private tuition and convsn classes. NOR. 2106. Phone after 5 pm.

JULY. A Russian speaking family offers room, full board in cntry surroundings in return for household duties. Box 5476.

HOLLAND. Dutch teacher of English, and wife invite p.g.'s in their home in bulb-sea area. Guests daily taken on tours in his car. Only vac. from 29 Aug. on. R. Hinloopen, Delftlaan 339, Haarlem.

WOULD you like to come with us to the Dalmatian Coast for a cheap summer holiday? We can still take a few more men and girls. £29 10s. all-in. Box 5590.

USA. Friendly home offered to working housekeeper by Anglo-American family, 3 schoolgirls. English mother works professionally. Interview London July: Box 5467.

DARTINGTON Hall School: Roll of Old Pupils. Will Old Dartingtonians who have not returned their questionnaires or who have not received one, contact Bridget Edwards, 1 Orchard Park, Dartington.

BRILLIANT but lazy writer seeks prodding partner for TV plays. Box 5619.

AUSTRIAN Teacher seeks English family with children 'au pair' from 10 July-10 September. Hildegard Nissl, Wels, Fritschstrasse 6, Austria.

PAINTING – the perfect relaxation! Small, lively classes weekly. Individual tuition. Also full-time courses commencing 21 September. The London Atelier of Painting, 28 Finchley Rd, St John's Wood, NW8.

WRITER commissioned for historic novel, requires collaborator (m. or f.), first class stylist, knowledge French advantage. Box 5740.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail (1) 'au pair' (2) req free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs help (3) also paying sm contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 mths. ACB Ltd, 148 Walton St, SW3 KEN 1586

TO let 2-5 years, with/without devoted, educated staff. Ideal, beautifully furnished and equipped seaside convalescent/holiday residence for 12 young children. Box 5469.

CHILDREN'S summer holiday school. Every care. Trained staff. Write: Principal, 18 Callis Court Road, Broadstairs, Kent. Telephone Thanet 62783.

DE LEON Drama Summer School, Patrons: Kenneth Tynan, Peter Brook, E. Martin Browne. 2-13 Aug. at Richmond Institute of Further Education. Write: 254b Kew Road, Richmond.

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50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
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By air freight to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa (Johannesburg), India 98s.; Singapore & Malaya 105s.; Australia 130s.
U.S.A. $9 (surface) $19 (air).

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

PERSONAL—continued

QUESTORS' Theatre, Ealing, has vacancies for acting members (subject to audition) as result of expansion in connection with building of new theatre. Apply Questors, Mattock Lane, W5. EAL. 5184.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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JULY Labour Monthly. After Paris – What Next? R. Palme Dutt; Labour's Nuclear Policy, W. Wainwright; I'll Have a Cup of Coffee, Shirley Graham (USA). 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

BOOK Sale. Ex-Library books at greatly reduced prices. 5-16 July. Three prices only: 1s. (novels); 2s. 6d., 5s. First floor. Personal shoppers only. The Times Bookshop, Wigmore Street, W1.

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THEATRES

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ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 8.0. Th. 2.30. S. 5, 8.15. Joan Plowright in 'Roots'.

TOWER. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9 July, 7.30, Sun. 7.0. 'Measure for Measure'. CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Chekhov's 'The Seagull'. 'For discerning theatregoers', Reynolds News. Fri. Sat. Sun. Chinese Shadow Plays, Mon. 4 July, from York Festival. Only London perf. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

CONCERT by Gyor Choir (Hungary) with guest artists Robin Hall and Jimmie MacGregor, Shirley Bland and Leon Rosselson. Sunday 10 July at 6 p.m. at Cecil Sharpe House, NW1. Tickets 3s. from British Hungarian Friendship Society, 130a Westbourne Terrace, W2. PAD 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Ballet in Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 3 July: Anna Magnani in Tennessee Williams' 'The Rose Tattoo' (A). From 4 July: Gerard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux in Zola's 'Pot-Bouille' (The House of Lovers) (X).

YOUNG Individualists First Anniversary Cocktail Party, Thursday 7 July, 7.30 p.m. 35 Park Lane, W1. Admission 10s. New members very welcome.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MASTERS OF MODERN ART - Important Sale Exhibition of works by BONNARD, BRAQUE, DUFY, KANDINSKY, KLEE, LEGER, MODIGLIANI, MONET, PICASSO, SUTHERLAND, UTRILLO, VAN GOGH etc., etc. New Sculpture by HENRY MOORE. Illus. catalogue £1. Adm. free. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

GANYMED'S new Vlaminck, 'Lupins and Poppies' now printed. £) 6s. (plus 7s. 10d. tax) from all good printsellers and 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1 PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House) New and old paintings from China, reproductions, &c. Mon., Tu., Thurs., Fri. 10-7. Sat. 10-5.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Nicolas Schöffer: Spatiodynamic, Cybernetic, Luminodynamic Sculpture. Preview for members: Thursday 7 July at 8.30 p.m. To be opened by Jean Cassou (Director of Musée d'Art Moderne). 8-30 July. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Mems. free.

EPSTEIN 50 years of bronzes and drawings at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Admission 1s. 6d. in aid of Epstein Studio Trust. Until 7 July.

SICKERT Arts Council Exhibition, Southampton Art Gallery. To 24 July. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2-5. Admn. free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibitions: 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sunday 2-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

PARIS in the Twenties' - Souvenirs of British, French and American writers from Sylvia Beach's Left Bank Bookshop. At the USIS Gallery, 41 Grosvenor Sq, London, W1. Until 24 July. Monday-Friday 9-6. Admission free.

THE Arts of the Sung Dynasty. Exhibition organised by Arts Council and Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 23 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Sidney Nolan - Leda and The Swan, and other recent work. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 16 July. 142 New Bond St, London, W1.

BATH Academy of Art, Corsham, Wiltshire. Summer Exhibition, 8, 9, 10, 11 July, 3 to 7 p.m. daily.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. 5 Humanist Sculptors - Ralph Brown, Jack Greaves, Betty Rea. Until 9 July.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Campbell: constructions, Fawcett & Brunschwig: paintings. Till 19 July. 10-6.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Porcelain & Stoneware by Lucie Rie. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Philip Sutton, Recent Pntgs; Margaret Kaye, Fabric Collages and Drawings. Wkdays 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. From 4-23 July. Vernon Tong Swaminathan Chowla, Spottiswood - Paintings. Daily 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Summer Exhibition 1960. De Staël; Soulages; Ernst; Manessier; Sutherland; Richards; Nicholson; Reynolds; Wilson; etc. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes 1 Sept.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Reg Butler - Sculpture & Drawings. Until 8 July. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Ceri Richards: a retrospective exhibition of paintings, drawings and relief constructions 1930-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

100 reproductions of masterpieces printed in Switzerland. Stoneware by Eileen Lewenstein, till 22 July, 9-6 p.m., Thurs 9-1 p.m. Eva Hauser Gallery, 281 Finchley Road, NW3.

KAPLAN Gallery: Marcelle Cahn - Pigs. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

MOLTON Gallery, Friedlaender - Etchings. Until 9 July. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings & Drawings by Bruno Manini. 7 July-6 August. Dly inc. Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

On the eve of the arrival of Castiella, Franco's Iron Cross Foreign Secretary

FREEDOM FOR SPAIN MARCH AND RALLY

Sunday 10 July

March: Marble Arch 2.30 p.m.
Rally: Trafalgar Square 3.30 p.m.

Speakers:

Jim Griffiths, MP, Bob Edwards, MP, Dr Donald Soper, Manuella Sykes, Elwyn Jones, QC, MP, and others.

Details from Spanish Democrats Defence Committee, Transport House, Smith Square, SW1 and Spanish Ex-Servicemen's Association.

ART. Picasso. L'Espagne. Jean Cassou (Director of the Musée d'Art Moderne) Chairman: Sir John Rothenstein. (Sponsored by the French Institute) Wednesday 6 July at 6.15 p.m. At The Lecture Hall of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel Street, (Gower St), WC1. Tickets must be bought in advance from the ICA Gallery, 17-18 Dover St, W1. Admission 5s. ICA Members 1s.

ASIAN Music Circle. Yehudi Menuhin introduces a Lecture-Demonstration of Yoga by Shri Iyengar at Beveridge Hall, University of London, on Wed. 13 July. Tickets at usual rates at door on day of Lecture or any time from Director, AMC, 18 Fitzalan Rd, N3. FIN. 2958.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Joint Meeting with Americans for Democratic Action. Wed. 6 July, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Ves. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7690. Fri. 1 July, 8 p.m. Soviet Film: 'High Service' (Orthodox Church in Soviet Russia). (Bolshoi Ballet in America). Fri. 8 July, 8 p.m. (Last meeting before summer break.) F. F. Seeley: 'The Nemesis of Anna Karenina'.

'THE Quaker Response to Human Needs.' Speaker, Roger C. Wilson. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. Sun. 3 July at 6.30 p.m. Everybody welcome.

CHRISTIAN Action Conference at Newnham College, Cambridge, Fri. 8 July to Sun. 10 July. Spkrs include Bishop of Johannesburg, Canon L. John Collins, Rt Hon. W. Glenvil Hall, MP, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, MP, Monica Wingate. Incl. cost 75s. 6d. Further parties from Sec., Christian Action, 2 Amen Court EC4.

'THE Case for Atheism', a talk given by the Sec. National Secular Society, Editor 'Freethinker' New Jewish Society, Edith Kennedy Room, 108 Baker St, W1, Wed. 6 July at 8 p.m.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, N10. Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs 7.30 Kingsway Hall, 7 July, Swami Mukhyananda: 'The Light Within': 14 July, Swami Chinmayananda: 'Consciousness and Beyond'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 3 July W. E. Swinton, Ph.D. 'The Royal Society; 1660-1960'. Write for free Monthly Record.

THEOSOPHY: 'Its Ancient Origin'. Public lecture, 3 July, 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq, SW1. Public lecture Wed. 6 July, 6.30. Ven. Pannavaddho Bhikkhu: 'Cause and Effect in Buddhism'. Send 1s. for 'The Middle Way' Infor.: TAT. 1113.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 3 July, 6.30, Music and Readings. 7 p.m. 'Questions for Labour Policy': M. L. Burnet (with coffee after the discussion).

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3151.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES, BANGOR
COLLEGIATE FACULTY OF EDUCATION

REFRESHER COURSE IN RECENT HISTORY, 18-23 July 1960

Residential Course for teachers and students of Recent History. Inclusive fee (tuition and accommodation), £5 15s.

Europe since Versailles, Dr Alun Thomas (Bangor); Britain from 1919 to the present, Professor C. L. Mowat (Bangor); Modern Wales, Mr A. D. Rees (Aberystwyth); Russia since the Revolution, Mr B. Hollingsworth (Manchester); Modern China, Dr P. C. Jones (Bristol); The United States since 1917, Professor Mowat and Mr G. A. Shepperson (Edinburgh); Canada since 1919, Dr H. S. Ferns (Birmingham); Africa's scramble to independence, 1870-1960, Mr Shepperson. Discussion periods, Brains Trust, coach tours to historical sites and John Summers Steelworks, Shotton. For further details and forms of application apply to the Secretary, Collegiate Faculty of Education, University College of North Wales, Bangor.

PROGRESSIVE League Summer Conference, 10 July-13 Aug., Frensham Heights School, Nr Farnham, beautiful Surrey countryside, own swimming pool. Children of all ages welcome. Staff arrange their activities and help look after the little ones. Activities include Painting Classes, Movement and Dance Improvisation, Lectures and discussions, Film Shows, Country Dancing, Ballroom Dancing, Music and Poetry, Swimming, Tennis, Sunbathing, Rambles. Lecture Subjects include: Music, Drama, the Novel, Education, Extra-sensory Perception, Juvenile Delinquency, etc. Fees from £8 per week. Less for children. Full programme and particulars from: Mrs D. Barasi, 45 Twyford Ave, London, N2.

FAMILY Courses in August. Residential. Parents in Manor. Children 7-13 in camp organized alongside 30 July/5 Aug: 'Psychology and Your Life'; 6/12 Aug: 'Homes and Houses'. Cost per week: 7 gns (adults); 5 gns (children). Write The Warden, Uechfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wilts.

DARTINGTON Music School. Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas. Low fees. Prospectus free from Registrar, 20 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LECTURE CRSES, ETC.—contd. on p.38

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenæum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Merritt & Hatcher Ltd, High Wycombe and London. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 3½d., foreign 3½d. Canada 1d.